

STRAY BITS

\*\*\* FROM THE \*\*\*

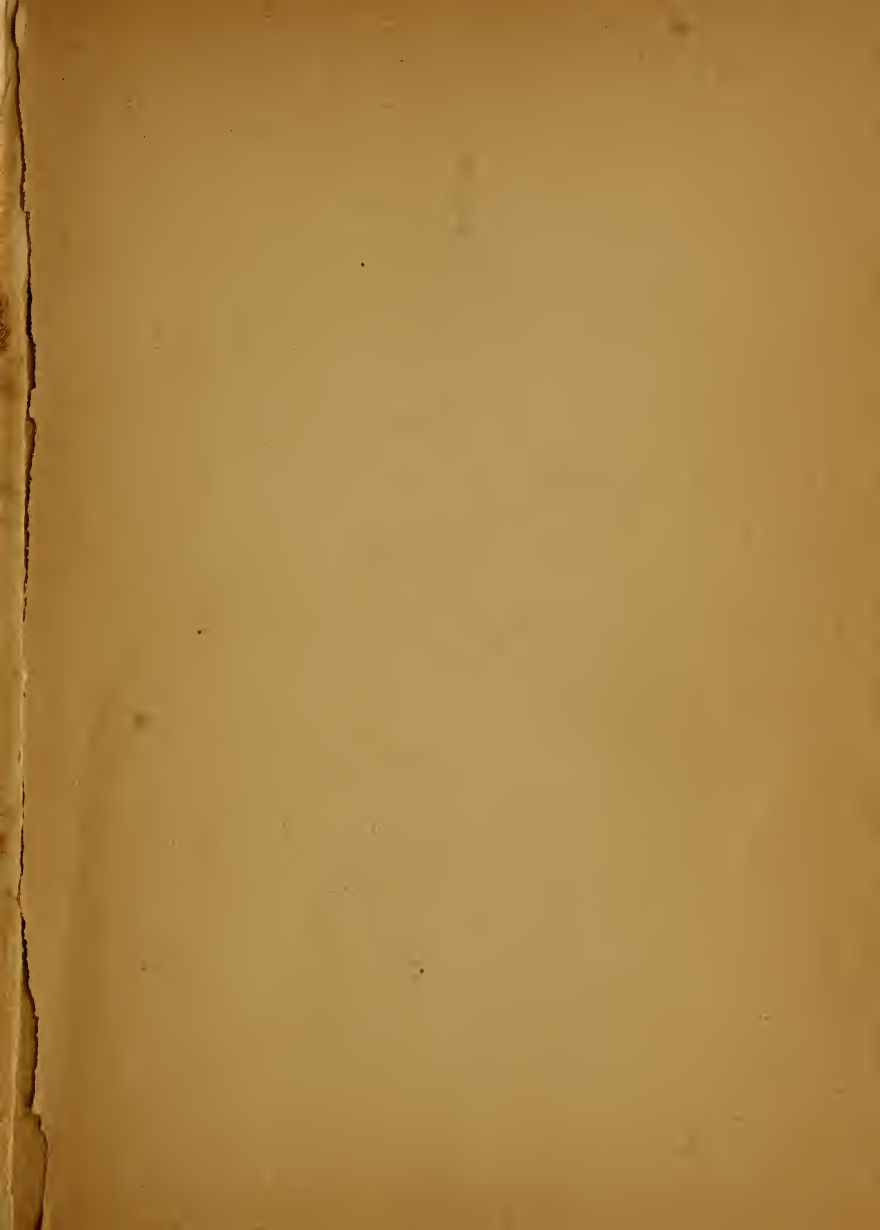
ORIENT.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

D 8412  
Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

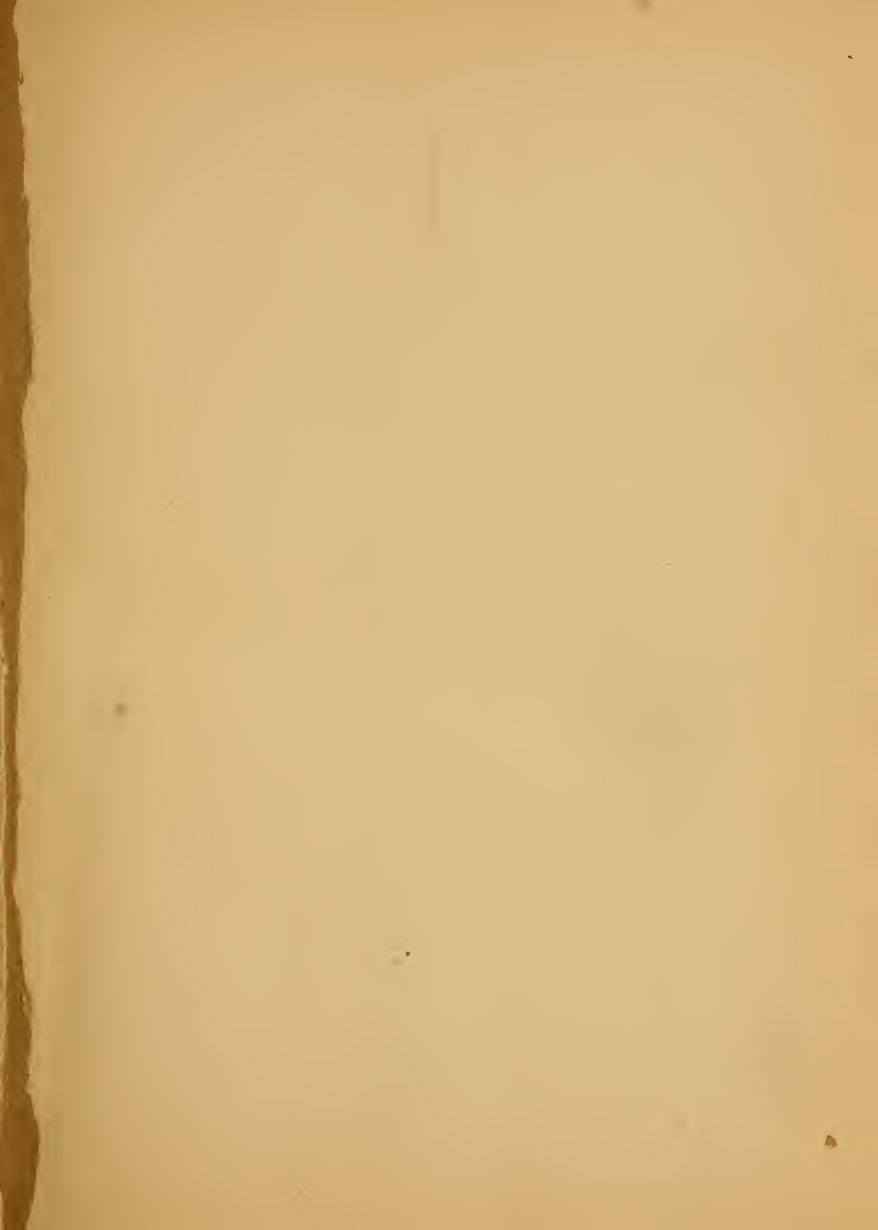
Shelf M 66

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.















A PARSEE WOMAN.

# Stray Bits from the Orient.

---

*EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN IN HINDOSTAN.  
WHAT SHE SAW, HEARD AND LEARNED.*

BY C. M. M. *i.e. Clara M. M.*

---

THE PROCEEDS OF THIS WORK ARE TO BE DEVOTED TO THE  
EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF HINDOO WOMEN.

---

"The mission of woman—permitted to bruise  
The head of the serpent and sweetly infuse  
Thro' the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse  
The blessing which mitigates all."

—OWEN MEREDITH.

---

BUFFALO:  
THE COURIER COMPANY, PRINTERS.

1892.

*22191X'*

---

COPYRIGHT, 1892,  
BY B. E. BAKER,  
LIMA, N. Y.

---

IS 413  
M66

## PREFACE.

---

We have no excuse for the appearance of this little book, but we send it out as a swift-winged messenger, bearing on its pages a cry for light from our Hindoo sisters over the sea, whose

Lives are hid in idolatry's night,  
That destroys the soul with its awful blight.

We have seen with the eye, we have heard with the ear; therefore we speak through the pen of the awful desolation of these darkened lives—of the work that is now being done in their behalf, of the great need which exists of more help, more consecrated lives. Now the cry comes to us, laden with the sorrows of thousands, the suffering of years: "Come over into Macedonia and help us." You, who are Christians and lovers of humanity, can you allow this cry to go unanswered, unheeded?

Through this book, to reach many minds heretofore in comparative ignorance of India's sufferings, to touch many tender hearts, sure then of assistance for India, is the earnest wish of

THE WRITER.





## STRAY BITS FROM THE ORIENT.



EARLY in the spring of 1883, during one of my trips in the sunny Southland, I chanced to be one of a select party, formed for the purpose of crossing St. Augustine Bay, and spending the afternoon and evening (for we were to return by moonlight) on the beautiful beach of Anastasia Island. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that day and all it brought to me. Any one of my readers who may have visited the spot, knows it to be one of the most charming places in all the Southland.

After wandering up and down—in and out—exploring here a wondrous shell and there some delicately-veined sea-moss until I was thoroughly tired out, I threw myself on the sand, fully intending to rest. The rest of the party had wandered far away, so I knew that I should not be disturbed by them for some time, as they could not, at the pace they were strolling, reach me in less than an hour. The sun was already sinking beyond the crimson outlines of the western sky. I would rest—but ah! the witchery of those white-crested breakers, as they chased each other

over the harbor-bar! They seemed things of life, and in them was a witchery I could not resist. This was my last day there, for on the following morning I must turn my face northward, and give up for a season the deliciousness of boating and driving and pleasure-seeking, for I had seemed for some years to be just drifting. Now there was to be a change. I was to enter into the duties of home, and take upon myself the responsibilities and cares of life.

Thus I mused: "Ah! we little know what work the Master Builder has for us to do. While we have our thoughts and plans on home and all its endearments, He may be preparing some errand for us which will call us far away—not only from home and dear ones there, but from our native land with all its sweet reminiscences."

The waves now seemed to sing a soft lullaby. I had forgotten to watch their ever-changing hues. But hark!

There comes a wail of anguish across this waste of sea,  
And what is the story it telleth as the sounds are borne to me?

I see a group of women under the banyan shade—  
Their brows are shadowed by sorrow, their hands are out-  
stretched for aid.

Listen! The cry resolved itself into words, and this was what I heard:

"We are lost in the dark of idolatry's night—  
Come, oh, come, and bring us a light."

For the first time in my life, I was brought face to face with that which should be the great object and aim of every Christian—lighting the way to Jesus. As that great host of India's daughters came up before me that evening by the sounding sea, I asked myself the question, in all earnestness and agony of soul, "Have I a light sufficient to guide these souls?" Then I heard the voice of the Holy Spirit whispering to my soul: "Yes, you have the true light, sufficient for the lighting of every darkened heart in heathendom."

And while I hesitated, wondering what to say to them, there seemed to come, floating down to me through the ages, the voice of our Divine Master, saying, "Take this message to them from me: 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

Again, I stand by the sounding sea, and 'tis sunset, but far from my native land. I must turn my ear to the westward, instead of east, to catch the music of the dancing waves. At my side is a long row of carriages and from them alight men, women and children, all elegantly dressed. See, with bowed heads and clasped hands, they descend to the water's edge and repeat their prayers to the setting sun.

"And who are these people so strangely dressed," you ask, "in long silk robes and cone-like hats; and

those ladies in their graceful, flowing Oriental sacques and fine silk pantalets; and where are we anyway, and what is that large, elegant building, which looks as though it might be all ablaze within with those beautiful colored lights? And, far over yonder, what means that tall, dark tower? And, oh, see! Whatever are those men doing yonder by the water, with their heads done up in white cloths? They seem to be beating the rock with a wet garment. And what is that large, beautiful box, covered with elegant curtains, and carried by those four men, while the group of chattering, laughing women follow, with their heads covered by their bright, dainty shawls? As they near us they cover their faces, so only one eye peeps out. Tell us, please, what all this means, and where we are, and how we came here."

Well, wait; not quite so fast,—at least, don't deluge us with so many questions at once, else our mind will be burdened and memory fail to recall them all. Then, there may be some very interesting things which will be left out of our description; but we trust, if you are patient, that we shall be able to answer all your questions.

First, let us answer the question as to where we are: In the City of Bombay, opposite "Borabunder," on the sea-shore. You notice there is no cool, pebbly beach for our feet to rest on, but all along the shore is

a flat, shelving rock, so slippery and difficult to stand on, when once down to the water's edge.

Bombay is considered one of the wealthiest sea-port cities in all the East, and it is certainly one of the most beautiful, so varied is its scenery. As we stand here, at our feet and stretching far away to the west, lies the blue water of the bay, while off to the right tower the ghats, or hills, as we Americans would say. At their base, and for some distance along their sides, we find the tall palm-trees, with their beautiful crowns of wavy fronds, while, nestling away among the rich flowers and shrubbery of the Orient city, are the pretty white bungalows of the rich Parsee and European merchants. To the left, and back of us, lies the city proper, with all the hustle and bustle of an Eastern sea-port.

Let us take a street-car and ride down to the fruit and flower market. See how the people line the road and congregate in little groups here and there,—men, women, children, dogs, camels and horses, all huddled together. Of course, these are all low caste people. Ah! we are too late, the market has closed. But wait. There goes a man with a dish or basket of fruit on his head. We will call him. “Daco wo adma kitne pici hie, do orange (see here, man, how much money for two oranges)?” He tells us that the fruit belongs to another person, and that he is delivering it. We judge him to be more honest than most of them, else he

would have sold us the oranges, and told the owner a lie, so, so as to keep the money in his own pocket.

Look at that wild, noisy throng coming up the street. They must number a hundred or more, nearly all bearing torches. You notice that horseman in the center, riding a gaily, but richly-caparisoned horse? It is a marriage party, and the horseman is the bridegroom. They are going to the home of the bride for a feast at midnight. The musicians are playing a Hindoo wedding march, but we fail to catch any harmony. To us it is simply a horrid noise,—nothing soothing to the nerves, but rather irritating. To them it is just what it ought to be. You see, far in the distance, there is another party, not as large, perhaps, as this, all with their torches and Hindoo lamps, as the case may be, coming out to meet the groom's party, and escort them into the outer court or grounds of the bride's house.

How that scene opens to our spiritual understanding the words of our Saviour, and the picture He would present to us when He said, "And there came a cry at midnight, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him.'" We had the honor of being an invited guest at a marriage similar to this one, and the words of our Lord, as recorded in Luke's gospel, came to us that morning with more meaning than ever before. This being the last day of the feast, there were

many guests. We were ushered in through the iron gate to the large reception hall. There, grouped about, were the musicians and the friends of the families of the bride and the groom, all dressed in their holiday attire,—the men and boys in their loose white trousers and long flowing robes or tunics, and the women and girls behind the scenes in their pretty “Sarrie” and jewelry.

We took a seat with these that we might hear what was said, and study the people. Soon we saw that there was a stir in the audience. People were moving aside to give place for some one. Just then our attention was directed to the entrance of a middle-aged man wearing full beard, snowy-white turban, and loose white trousers; but, instead of the white tunic or coat, he wore a soft dove-colored robe. Our interpreter whispered that this gentleman was the ruler of the feast,—in other words, the host. He seemed to be looking about for some one. A servant stepped forward and held a short conference with him, pointing to the room where we sat with the women. Soon he came and asked if we would be pleased to step outside, as the host wished to speak with us, but could not enter the women’s apartment.

We went with him, and, as our host stood talking with us, we felt that the eyes of that entire company were upon us. Some, perhaps, were wondering why



we had been called out, as we ourselves were, but we were not left long in the dark, for scarcely was his greeting over, before he said: "I just learned of your arrival, and have come to invite you up where my daughter, the bride, is with other members of my family." We turned to our interpreter, who stood behind, and beckoned her forward. She wore the native costume. He said, "Excuse me, but this young woman can't go up. She is of another caste." We said, "She does not recognize caste now,—she is a Christian." "Ah," said he, "that makes a difference, certainly. She may go."

Our mind turned to the words, "They shall come up from the north, and from the south, from the east, and from the west, and shall sit down with me in my Father's kingdom." The one word, "Christian," was the mystic talisman that had given our young native friend the honor of sitting in the presence of the bride and her family, and so, in that great day, when we shall stand before the assembled world, that one word, if we have been true to its meaning, will give us a place with the Bride, the Lamb's wife.

We followed the stately ruler up to a higher seat, glad in the thought that so many of India's sons and daughters were present to witness the triumph of Christianity over the prejudice of caste rules. We found the bride, a fair young girl of twelve summers, sitting



on a beautiful mat in the middle of a large room, surrounded by a group of laughing, chattering young girls, literally loaded with jewelry. The pretty little bride was covered by a fine veil made of India silk. As we entered she shyly drew the silken folds closer over her fair face; but even this precaution did not hide from our view the stray dimples, and the great liquid brown eyes, which the excitement of the hour rendered more beautiful.

The father was not allowed to come in, but when his presence was made known at the door, the dear girls all turned their backs that way, and drew their "chuddars" more closely. He simply stood at the open door for a moment, while the servant came to take charge of us. When he had retired to an adjoining room, where the honorable gentlemen guests were assembled, it was really amusing to see the girls all let their "chuddars" fall from off their heads in graceful folds about their shoulders. Their ear and head jewels were so heavy that they would catch into their hair, and then into the loose silken folds of their "chuddars," and it was really a great relief to them when they could go with the head bare.

We were given a seat at the right hand of the bride, by order of our host. In a little room, off to the right, the elderly women of the household were preparing the fruit, flowers and sweets for the feast, for these are

all that are served at a native dinner. When we had been in the room ten or fifteen minutes, the musicians began playing in the room below. As a rule, native music is simply a noise, but on this occasion it was soft and rich. Soon we heard the rustling of garments, like the flutter of angels' wings, from a room in front of us, and a rich perfume floated in on the breath of the air; then a tinkling of tiny bells, and as the bride touched a bell at her side, four of the most airy, beautiful creatures we ever saw, came gliding in, and began a series of circles and figures known only to the highest professional dancers.

We had heard much about dance-girls, and had seen many of them, but these were beautiful, both in face and dress. They did not have that careless, wicked look which many of them carry.

After they had left the room, a juggler was brought in, accompanied by two cobras. After they were suddenly found, two or three times, winding about his neck, when they had last been seen in one corner of the room, we begged that they be sent away, as we felt timid in their presence. After this another man came in, and performed with knives. Then the feast was served to us on a novel dish, viz., a large plantain leaf. While we partook of this, the singers were chanting in a rich, sweet strain below. We were so glad when the play broke up for the day and we were allowed to leave,

although we were glad of the opportunity to learn about these things.

Before we went out, the bride ordered her perfume casket, and sprinkled our hands and clothing with the delicate odor.

The festivities lasted something like a month, and every night, at midnight, there was a feast. The last night was the crowning occasion, when the groom came at midnight, and the young men,—friends of the bride's family,—went out to meet him as soon as his coming was announced by a watcher on the house-top. Marriages are very expensive affairs in the East. There are many instances where a man has been made bankrupt by borrowing money just for a marriage occasion. We are now speaking of the high-caste weddings. A man can go to a low-caste home and bargain and buy a girl, just as we, in America, would bargain for and buy a horse, or a dog. She is his property, to do with as he pleases. A Hindoo woman is considered less than a dog,—he may give five cents for her, or twenty-five, or as many dollars. God grant the time may speedily come, when human beings cannot be bought and sold for dollars and cents.

There are three great nations represented in India under the common name, "Natives": the Persians (or Parsees), the Arabian (or followers of Mahomet), and the Hindoo. We come to you, dear fellow-worker,

through the pages of this little book, with the wants of a million of this people on our heart. We feel our own inability to plead their cause, but, looking far back through the ages, we see a bleeding Victim hanging on a cross of wood, and we seem to hear the words, as the cruel soldiers mock and deride Him, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Oh, wondrous love! He died for you! He died for me! He died for India's millions! For His love is infinite, and it is because of this love that this little book is written. He is pleading in your hearts, I know, for these, our sisters, who sit in heathen darkness and superstitious night, with heads bowed under the galling yoke of caste. God pities them, and His pleading voice is saying to us, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." That means India and her daughters. The wail of these dear ones enters all our hours, and when we close the doors of our private room at night, we think of them in their prison homes, never allowed to go out, except under purdah (or covering). Oh, what a desolate life is theirs! No loving, sympathizing Jesus to whom they can go and unburden their hearts in time of grief or joy. Perhaps some may think these heathen incapable of such emotions. Such is not the case. They are gentle, refined, loving, and easily touched by the sufferings of another.

We will now try to answer your first question as to

the strangely-dressed people we saw going from their carriages on the beach down to the water's edge, to say their prayers to the setting sun. They are Parsees, so named because they were driven from Persia by persecution, and settled in western India. They are a noble people physically, but, taken altogether, they are proud, wicked, and cruel at heart. But there are exceptions. We remember very well the tender courtesy shown us, on two occasions, by these people,—the first a gentleman, the second a lady. We had been summoned to look after a sick friend, at a station many miles from where we were stopping. Part of the journey could be made by train, and part must be traversed by bullock cart.

We received the message at four in the afternoon, and the train left our station at 4.45. During that forty-five minutes, we must needs go into the bazaar, and buy bread and jam and potted beef and crackers,—for the message said, “Bring food.” For one-fourth tea-cup potted beef we paid eighty-five cents. For a cup of jam we paid forty-five cents, and the same for a pound of crackers; and ten cents a loaf for bread, which we could get in America for four. So, you see, it costs something to live in some parts of India, if you use English food.

After procuring these we hastened to the station, which we reached just in time to catch the down train.

We took with us one of our orphan boys,—a lad of fourteen years,—as interpreter on the route. The cool breath of evening came in at the window of our car, and very refreshing we found it, after the heat and toil of a busy day. As part of the journey lay through a jungle, or slightly wooded hill, we saw troops of nimble monkeys chattering and scampering in and out among the branches, and birds of gorgeous plumage flitting here and there, and parrots screeching and chattering to their mates, as they heard the approach of our train.

Later, as the sun sank to rest in the billowy outlines of the western horizon, and the curtains of night were silently drawn over the land,—for in the East we do not have the long twilights which are so enjoyable in America,—we saw, far to our right, what are sometimes called the Burning Ghats, which, at this time, were more like a trail, or winding path of fire up the wooded side of the mountain. The effect is produced by trees in which Hindoo lamps are hung, for under the trees, at a certain distance apart, Hindoo gods are placed. A famous Hindoo temple is builded far up the mountain, and the trees are lighted, not only for the pleasure of the gods under them, but also for the convenience and safety of the devotees who would make their way by night to the sacred shrine.

We watched these with many conflicting emotions,

till they were lost in the distance, and then gave ourselves up to the deliciousness of rest for the remainder of the journey. We had scarcely abandoned ourselves to the thought, before there came a gentle tap at the door of our car compartment. We bade them "Come in." The door opened,—a Hindoo woman held out to us a babe, saying he was very ill, and that she wished us to do something for him. We saw, at a glance, that the child must die, and told the poor mother we could do nothing for him. Her sad face haunts us still. We drew up at the station just as our watch indicated the hour of 10.30.

Would that it were possible for us to describe to you the scene that greeted our eyes as we alighted from the train. From the station, as far as the eye could reach, were little fires which threw a lurid glare out into the darkness, and, darting hither and thither between the fires and ourselves, were men, and boys from the age of ten years and upward. Some were in "dote" and jacket, forming a very fantastic costume when viewed in the half-light of a camp-fire. Some were in the coolie dress, which leaves the legs exposed to the thighs, with a blanket thrown over one shoulder. They were keeping up a continual jargon, each meaning to be heard above his neighbor.

Our train was behind time, and, as a consequence, all the gharies (or wagons) had gone for the night.



As dinner was served at our place at five o'clock, we were obliged to leave without any, and, not having had anything to eat since ten in the morning, at which time we breakfasted, we, on leaving the cars, began hunting around for food. We soon saw a man with some native barley cakes and steaming hot tea. We sent our boy with a few pice (or pieces of money), and he brought back some cakes and bananas, and a cup of tea.

We wished to divide with him, but he refused, and, boy-like, laughingly drew from among the folds of his clothing a cloth in which was tied a small portion of curry and rice, which, after asking permission, he ate while sitting "Turk"-fashion, on the stone floor, a few paces from us. The common people never care to sit on a chair or stool when they eat.

We had but finished our lunch when the boy came rushing in (he had gone outside after eating), with the words, "Miss Sahib, a Rajah (native king) is coming." On leaving the car, we had spoken to the station-master as to how the remainder of the journey was to be completed, as we felt every moment was precious. At the call of the boy, we went out to see, hear and learn.

Drawn up on the opposite side of the station were three fine carriages, drawn by handsome grays, while on either side of the carriage were two horsemen. In front and rear were twenty-four natives mounted on



iron grays. We noticed a Parsee gentleman, with two other persons, in the center carriage. Soon the station-master came, and explained that the native prince of the province, whose palace was in the city beyond the mission station which we wished to reach, was just returning from an absence of some weeks, and the Parsee gentleman above mentioned owned the carriage and was acting as escort to him. He had spoken to the gentleman, and through him a seat was given us in the carriage; and the boy allowed to ride outside with the footman, an honor which would not have been allowed the boy, had it not been for the fact that he was a Christian. Through the kind courtesy of the Parsee, we were at our friend's bedside in good time, and he also made arrangements to have us taken back to the cars, as our train left at one o'clock that morning. Later, we will tell our readers of this ride, and what came of it.

The Parsees are very cleanly in their habits, always putting on clean clothing every morning. Their food is not as simple as that of the Hindoos. They use a great deal of wine and other intoxicants. Not much is known by outsiders of their religion, but it is said by some that they worship fire and water. This they deny, but acknowledge that they worship the Unknown God through the fire, which is an emblem of Him. They have what are called "fire temples," composed

mostly of glass, within which are many colored lights. These are kept burning day and night. It was the Parsee temple, lighted within, which you saw and about which you asked.

Their funeral services are different from those of all other people. They have a great many high towers, called "the towers of silence." First, the body is taken to the lowest room in the house, where a priest prays for the spirit which has left the body. Then a dog is brought in to look at the dead, after which the body wrapped in a white cloth containing many yards, laid on an iron bier, and carried to one of these towers. The friends follow on foot, as no carriages are allowed at a Parsee funeral. The mourners are all dressed in white, and go in pairs, holding a white handkerchief between them, while they chant a wailing death-song. It is an awful, as well as a solemn sight, which, when once seen, follows the beholder ever afterward. We think of the soul gone out, but gone,—where? Only He who beholds all things can answer this question. The body is taken to the top of the tower and left for vultures to devour. The skeleton is left four weeks, and then shoved into a well in the midst of the tower. On the fourth day the spirit is called away to judgment.

On reaching our station after that terrible night's ride, we found ourselves thoroughly tired out. Toward

evening two of our boys were taken very ill, with every symptom of that dread disease, cholera. We treated them as we would persons with the disease. The servants and others in the mission were frightened, and we knew by the pallor on their dusky faces, as well as the look of horror and awe, that it would be folly to expect anything from them. We had the little sufferers brought up to our room, and there, alone, wrestled with that dread disease all night: yet we knew God and the angels were with us.

Toward morning they fell into a restful sleep, and we knew victory was ours. We had gone beyond our strength, and on the third day after the boys were taken,—a day ever to be remembered,—oh, how the terrible heat overcame us, as we went on our rounds of duty; first into the hospital, then into the “bazaar” (or market), then home to give out the food to be cooked for the day, as this must all be weighed in the presence of the cook, to be sure he does not rob us. Then the food for the orphans, after which clean linen for family use must be given out. Then came the rounds to see if the work had been properly done (that is, the sweeping, dusting and dish-washing), and if the younger ones in the Orphanage had had their baths and proper food. Later in the day came the sewing-class, and after this the Bible study with the

dear girls. Before it was all finished, it seemed we should be overcome with pain and weariness.

We retired to our room without dinner, which was served between five and six. We felt that the same disease which had seized our boys had touched us with its hated breath. Our co-worker, a Eurasian lady, came, with our interpreter, into the room. We felt, at that time, to say, "Truly, love is stronger than fear." They were both Christians, and, we knew, could be trusted in any emergency. We took a hand of each, and asked if they believed in the power of prayer. They said, "Yes." We then requested that they pray God to stop the progress of the disease and raise us up. There were no physicians, except natives, within two hundred miles of us at that time. About midnight there seemed to be spiders crawling all over the person, and the face and hands were covered with a cold moisture.

As our friend at the bedside laid her hand on the icy forehead, she rose and silently passed into the adjoining room. As only a curtain separated it from ours, we could hear the light footfall as she paced the room, and we guessed with what agony of soul she prayed for us. Soon we felt the warm life-blood pulsate through our being. The distressing symptoms disappeared, leaving us weak and ill. Then it was that a Parsee woman ministered to us, sending different kinds

of nourishing food, which was so expensive that our purse would not allow us to purchase it. But the same God who supplied Elijah, prepared this heathen woman's heart to go out toward us and supply that which we could not. As soon as fruit was allowed, she would send us the choicest she could procure in the market.

This brings a little incident to our mind, which will illustrate God's care in things which we feel would hardly demand His attention. We were out one morning, visiting the homes. The air seemed hot and stifling. We had gone out without breakfast, and, as we turned our steps homeward through the market, and saw the delicious fruits, we pondered how they would refresh us,—we were so tired and thirsty. We took out our purse to see if there was a bit of money, a stray coin hidden in it anywhere; but it was useless, we could find none, and, shutting our purse, started on through the heat and dust,—for there are no sidewalks in the native cities,—we must walk in the road. We had not gone far before we saw a shining something at our feet. Stooping, we found it to be a piece of silver money, just the price of the fruit we had so longed for, and, as we stopped to pick it up, the blessed Holy Spirit whispered to us, "Go back and get the fruit and be refreshed," which we did, with adoring love filling all our being.

The son of this Parsee woman was a student in our English school. We were frequently at her home, and always, on leaving, would receive some token of her hospitality, which, when one is far from home, in a foreign land, with no human friend to look after one's welfare, is very refreshing, especially from heathen, whom we expect to antagonize us at every step.

On one occasion we were called at a very early hour. A "Malie" (gardener) had a sad accident occur in his home. His wife, a nice little Hindoo woman, while attempting to rescue her neighbor's child from their burning home, had herself been terribly burned, so the messenger said who had brought the word to us. They took her at once to the hospital, where we found her in the women's ward, moaning with pain. One glance revealed to us the fact that her life must go out. Her eyes were sightless, her hair burned off, and the flames had been drawn in with the breath. She was perfectly conscious, and seemed glad that we had come. All we could do was to point her to the Christian's God. This we did as best we knew how. We sung that beautiful prayer, "Just as I Am," in Hindustani words. She listened as though she caught the sound of heaven, and, as she raised her clasped hands above her head, she could not speak, but her lips moved, and we caught the words she would have uttered,—“Sing them

again,"—which we did, and then offered a few words of prayer and testimony, through our interpreter.

We left her, feeling that God would care for the seed sown in much weakness, in this dark heathen mind. As we left this scene of suffering, we met the Parsee woman. There were tears in her dark eyes as we told her all, and she answered, "If there is anything I can do to make the sufferer more comfortable, do not hesitate to let me know." All this from a heathen Parsee. Do you wonder that we love them and long to lead them out into the true light?

In the evening we found the poor woman still alive, but much weakened. As we took the hand, which seemed already cold in death, a light broke over the poor wounded face, and again the lips said, "Sing of the Christian's God." We sung that wonderful prayer, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "Just as I Am." As we sang, the attendants from all parts of the building came and crouched near the door, that they might hear the story of redeeming love. There was on their faces a look of awe, blended with fear. They knew they were in the presence of death, and we tried, as best we could, to make them realize that they were also in the presence of the one true God, and that He knew all their thoughts and all their doings, and was able to help them live right lives. Again we took her in the arms of our love and prayer, to the One who died for



the redemption of her soul. After a few words of testimony, we left her and went our way. In the morning, not being able to go outside, because of pressure of work in the Mission, we sent our interpreter, with one of the orphan girls. On reaching the hospital, they were told that she had passed away during the night, and went trusting in the Christian's God.

All this was told the Parsee lady. She smiled and said, "Yes, yes, I am glad." But none of these things moved her from her gods, and from her religion. The Parsees are the most bigoted people in the world. We have striven to give our readers a peep into the beautiful side of their hearts' chamber. Now, come with us, and we will lift the veil and let you see the dark, hideous side of a Christless religion.

One evening a young man made his way into a Christian service. He was dressed in the silken garments of a Parsee nobleman. Night after night, this person, tall and graceful, with the tender courtesy of a prince, was found in the place of prayer, an earnest, receptive listener. By and by we found him to be the only son of a very wealthy Parsee banker. One evening, after a powerful sermon, he came to the minister and asked for a private interview, which was granted. After this his friends would come into the meetings, and induce him to go out.

Things went on thus for about two weeks, when he



was suddenly missed. It was found, on inquiry, that his father had him locked up to keep him away from the Christians. After a time he let him out, thinking, without doubt, he would give it all up. He knew nothing of the power which had entered into that young man's heart and life. The first night after his release, he found his way into the prayer-room. He looked haggard and worn with his close confinement.

After the sermon, when an opportunity was given for any who wished to become followers of Christ to make it known, this young man rose up, and with firm, kingly step, made his way to the front, and said he had determined to follow the Lord Jesus Christ, and desired, at that time, to receive Christian baptism. He was about to say more, when his father walked up and bade the young man follow him, which he did, beckoning some of the Christian men to follow.

They went outside the church and held a consultation meeting. To save the young man from being trampled under the feet of the mob gathered there, one of the ministers took him to his own home. There his father and mother waited upon him. His father told him that if he took the vows of the Christian he would become an outcast from his family. This boy had only to speak the word and wealth without measure was poured at his feet, while all the honors of an

Eastern prince were his. Should he give them all up,—his fond father, his idolized mother?

These were all put into one side of the balance. In the other, was Christ and persecution,—how bitter the persecution none this side the seas can conceive. These were all spread out before him! Will he falter? Will he count the price too precious for the purchase? Ah, no! He is not wanting! He rises from his seat, and, with bowed head, approaches his parents, takes off his jewels, silently lays them at his father's feet; takes off the heavy gold chain from his neck, and places it in his mother's hand, with the words, "Jesus Christ died for me. I belong to Him and must serve Him," and, turning, left their audience.

That evening he was baptized, surrounded by a little company of praying ones. The service was no more than over before a noisy rabble was heard coming. Fearing the young man might suffer violence at their hands, he was quietly led out another way. After putting a small purse of money and a little Bible in his hand, with a fervent "God bless you," the young man fled from the face of his father and others who were dear to him, but who were now his bitterest enemies. Then there went out from that father's lips an edict to "Shoot the Christian dog at sight."

The dear boy wandered from one place to another, mostly on foot, as he feared to enter a public carriage,

or even be seen on the streets in daylight. He would go by night secretly to the missionaries and get food and such help as he needed. After four months of wandering, his father sent him a letter by one of the ministers, giving him the opportunity to renounce Christ, and come back to his idols and the protection of his father's home.

This came at a time when he was faint with hunger, and overcome with the heat and weariness of wandering; his feet were torn and bleeding, and some of his garments hanging in tatters. He takes the letter in his trembling grasp, and goes over it again and again. Watch the fine-cut features, as wave after wave of pain passes over them! Will the yearning after mother-tenderness and home-rest outweigh Christ in the wanderer's soul to-night? Nay, verily! Let us peep over his shoulder, as he takes up the pen to answer that father's appeal. We find him writing such words as these:

DEAR FATHER—Your words are received, but I cannot grant your request. You can take from me my natural life if you will, but I cannot give up Jesus Christ. He fills all my life with His sweetness and power.

Not many days after, his dear body was found pierced with bullet-holes. It was known that his father paid a wretch a price to kill his boy, should he refuse to obey his wishes. There were many such inci-

dents related to us, by those in whose word we had perfect confidence, to illustrate the awfulness of idol-worship and a Christless religion.

How little we can know of the turbulent feeling which possesses the soul of one who is groping in the shadows of idolatry's night. They can see the finger-marks of a great power all around them, and, like us, they watch the ever-changing beauties of the incoming morning and evening, and there are times when, as they gaze on all these things, they ask the question, "Whose mind brought forth all of these beauties?" But, unlike the Christian, they turn away from the question in a bewildered maze.

We stood one morning among the ruins of a Hindoo palace, on the banks of the "Nerebudah." We had a fine, commanding view as far as the eye could see. On either side of the river were trees and vines, variegated with beautiful flowers, while far away to the horizon rim lay, in all its beauty, a billowy bank of snowy cloud. As we stood drinking in all this sweetness, we were striving to sow the seed of eternal truth in the heart of our Hindoo guide. At length we pointed out to him the scene by which we were surrounded, and asked the question, "Who made all these? Who marked out a course for the sun? Who upholds him as he goes traveling in his great strength?" He turned away for a moment with a perplexed look

on his manly face, and then turned to us again, saying, "I cannot tell. I would like to know." Then and there our little party of four Christians held a prayer-meeting. We sung, "The Light of the World is Jesus," and, as the sweet words rose and fell on the breath of the morning, we felt that more than one dark mind was turned to seek the truth contained in the words sung.

This scene took us back to the time when we first began to search after truth, or, in other words, to find out God, to get acquainted with Him, for the words had come to us from Him, "Give Me thine heart." We asked, "Who is God; where is he to be found?" To be sure we had heard learned men talk about Him, and preach sermons from His book, but that was all we knew about God, and all we had tried to learn of Him. But at this time there was a power at work within the soul that demanded our attention, and, as we looked out on the glories of the scene with which we were surrounded, we said, "Surely the mind that conceived, and the power that brought forth these beauties, is far above the finite."

Looking off to the distant woods, whose autumn foliage was tinted with all the colors of the rainbow, then up into the ethereal blue, flecked here and there with a snowy cloud, which, as we looked upon, the desire filled us to take and use for an ornament; but

swiftly following this thought, came the words, "This is God's ornament for the beautiful blue sky. It is only vapor,—you could not hold it in your arms."

Then, casting our eyes to the ground, we saw a little flower,—some would exclaim, "only a weed," but we were searching after God, so we knelt to examine the waxen petals, supported by the more hardy sepals, while still more closely protected by the petals were the wondrous stamens and pistils, as delicate as a bit of fine sewing-silk, yet standing erect in their place and supporting that tiny tuft of pollen, ready, at the command of God, to scatter it broadcast on the breath of evening. As we gazed on this wonderful flower, so delicate, and yet so perfect in all its parts, we thought: "Surely, this did not grow by chance, neither could the mechanism of man produce it. From whence, then, did it proceed?"

The answer of that little flower to our soul was, "God's hand formed me, and planted me for His pleasure, as well as yours," and, as we turned our face from the study of that little flower, and beheld the work of His fingers all about us, from the tiniest blade of grass at our feet, up to the giant oak, that towered in all its strength and beauty, we said: "Truly, the most talented human mind could not cause any one of these to grow, neither could the most skillful of trained fin-

gers bring them forth. From whence came they, then?"

As we questioned all these seemed to answer in a voice of thunder to the soul, "God, the creator of heaven and earth, brought us forth for the use of man." Then such questions as these were put to the soul: "Can it be possible that we have accepted and used all these wonderful things, and have not given one thought to the fact that there must be a giver of all these, and we must be under some obligations to Him?" Then and there we gave our whole being to God, and He revealed Himself to our heart by His Holy Spirit as He had revealed Himself to our understanding through the study of the book of nature all about us. This, and much more, came back to us as we stood beside our Hindoo guide on that beautiful spring morning.

Our guide was not the only Hindoo present, as we were out that morning on one of our many tours which we took through the native cities for the purpose of learning the customs and need, not only of the high-caste people, but of the middle and lower classes,—to see them in their homes, learn their thoughts and study their dispositions, that we might the better know how to approach them and lead them out into the great light of salvation and eternal life.

We had spent some time down in the heart of that great heathen city,—had gone from shop to shop where



they were manufacturing different materials, for this was a manufacturing city of note, and its fame had spread all over India, because of the fine texture of some of its goods. As we went in and out of the many narrow and circuitous lanes and streets of that ancient and renowned city, we showed to the workmen that we were interested in their work and in them, which gave us access to their hearts, and we would drop here and there a seed of gospel truth as we went on our way. Many times the guide was obliged to clear the way for us, as there were tiny beasts they called mules, with packs of grain on their backs, and the streets were so narrow that, when it happened that two came abreast, there was not room for us to pass them. So our readers can judge something of the unpleasantness of walking through an oriental city on a warm morning.

At one place we found them manufacturing the gold thread from which the world-renowned "cloth of gold" is woven. Entering one of the narrow streets we saw at our left a high building, more like a prison than anything else. Over the entrance were Hindoo characters in gold. One of our party remarked that they were weaving inside, and we signified a desire to go in. Our Hindoo guide went up the stairs and asked permission, which was granted.

We entered a large room, dimly lighted from loopholes in the wall on one side. Nearly in the center



of the room were three looms in operation, and two men were needed to work each. They were very simple affairs, worked by an upright shaft. The filling was wound on a flat stick, which one man poked through the warp with his hand, while the other man worked the shaft.

The threads were very fine and delicate, and consequently the workers must have the light enter the room in such a way as to strike directly on the work, so they could see at a glance should a thread get broken while filling in the woof. Passing down the stairs we were conducted into a large covered court, where they were preparing the gold thread for the looms up-stairs. There were ten men at work. They would take a small bar of gold, and, laying it on a steel anvil, would beat it with a steel hammer. The anvils were so arranged as to allow the thread to run from one anvil to another, so they would all be at work on one thread. It passed from the tenth person finished, and near him a young man sat, whose business it was to wind it up as it came from the anvil. In the back part of the room were twenty or thirty young men taking lessons in this interesting, as well as difficult, art. After we had watched the workers a little time, and showed our interest in them, we asked if we might sing. They seemed pleased with the prospect of hearing us. After singing "Just as I Am" in Hindustani words, we left,

with a few words of testimony for Jesus. A large crowd had gathered outside the inclosure, and many followed, at a little distance, all the way to the palace on the hill, overlooking the beautiful river referred to.

Before reaching the palace proper, we came to the king's pavilion, or smoking and bath-rooms. This was a circular building of marble. Within the walls are set with pearls and precious stones. The floors are laid in wonderful patterns of cut stones. The dome is composed of glass, blended in many shades of color, which sheds a soft beautiful light on everything below. We went outside and climbed the circular stair-case, which leads to the top of the building—were allowed to pluck a flower or two, and some leaves, from a miniature garden we found up there. The place is kept by an armed native guard, so that this building and its surroundings may not be injured by enemies. It is a valuable as well as a beautiful work of art, and ought to be preserved.

The people following us were not allowed to enter the inclosure, but remained outside, eager to catch every word that was uttered by the "white teacher," as they called us in their own beautiful language. As we looked down on that great throng of people who had followed us, our hearts were touched for them, and we said: "Truly, they are as sheep having no shepherd."

As we stood there on the pinnacle of that heathen palace, we read the story of the Prodigal Son, and our interpreter made it very plain to them. Afterward we sung "What a Friend we have in Jesus," and then descended the stairs and made our way to the palace proper. If it were possible for these crumbling walls to speak, what terrible deeds of bloodshed they might disclose.

Crumbling walls, oh, speak to us,  
As we thy hidings closely scan.  
Mayhap in thee we read the story  
Of man's cruel wrongs to man.

It is built, perhaps, two hundred feet above the river, having a front toward the river of one hundred and fifty feet. The whole length of this is a stone terrace, or flight of steps, down to the water's edge. Within are numerous underground apartments, and leading from these we found two ways of egress and ingress, apart from the one inside the building. One was by going down and out into the river. The other led us up and out into the grounds at the rear of the palace. We took the latter way of exit, and, following our guide, soon found ourselves descending the terrace in front of the buildings. On reaching the water we saw a number of fine row-boats, and many groups of men and boys lounging around. As the river looked so inviting, and the further bank so beautiful, we signi-

fied a desire to cross, but our guide, among all these idlers, sought in vain for a boatman. They told him that Mohammedans owned the boats; that they were off at "Pugah" (or prayers), and would not return for two hours.

Being weary, we sat down to rest, and while there we learned from one of the loungers, who could speak English and called himself a teacher (indeed, we found him a very well-informed person), a strange story connected with the old place and some of its occupants.

He said that at one time it was held by a very wealthy as well as powerful Marretta prince, and once, when he returned from one of his many coasting voyages, he brought back, as a prisoner, a young, very beautiful and accomplished English lady. At first he kept her in one of the underground rooms referred to, but after a time, when he felt that his fair captive was safe to go about the palace as she chose, he did not take the precaution, when he left home, to hide her underground, but she was not allowed to go outside the building.

She feined to be very fond of the prince. In the meantime she learned of a woman who hated the prince because he had her son put to death, and one day when her captor was absent she sent a slave after this woman. She came, and what passed between them no one ever knew, but in a few weeks the English lady

wanted a new waiting-maid, and this woman was recommended and engaged, of course by previous arrangement. She was of a caste that gave her opportunity to go anywhere she chose.

Being a woman of remarkable intelligence, tall and spare, but very strong, she was just the one wanted. Her husband was a wicked profligate. One morning in the month of October the prince left home for a three months' cruise. When he had been gone about two weeks the English lady, with her waiting-woman, withdrew to her underground apartments, telling the servants that they must not disturb her, as she wanted to be in religious retirement, and that when she wanted anything she would send her woman.

The prince had been very lavish toward his English wife with regard to money and jewelry, so that she had plenty to serve her purpose. The waiting-woman donned the male attire, and the English lady assumed the Hindoo woman's manner and dress, and together they made their way out from their prison. The English woman had ordered her carpenter to make a light, portable ladder, but he knew nothing of it or of its use. She made him think that it was to lie upon, but she must needs have this to scale the wall inclosing the palace, for the two-leaved gate was fastened at sundown, and none could enter or depart through that until sunrise in the morning. The ladder was made in

such a way that she could readily take it apart, so that no one could trace them by that. They traveled all night, relying on the great Fatherhood of God to protect them from wild beasts. Toward morning they found a rather secluded place, and lay down to rest.

After a time they saw a boy. The would-be man hailed him, and, after a little conversation, learned where he could get a bullock-cart and a bullock. The cart was covered with bamboo, which served to shield the fugitives from the heat as well as from all prying eyes. Thus they traveled for one week; then, selling the cart and bullock, made their way to Bombay as best they might. On reaching there they learned that an English trading-vessel was about to haul up anchor. The would-be man met the captain and handed him a letter. After reading this the captain tore a bit of paper from his note-book, and wrote upon it the words, "To-night, at nine o'clock."

This was handed the English lady, and, at the time named, there was—not a Hindoo man and woman alighting from a carriage to take the little boat which was to bear them to the ship, but rather an English lady and her maid, who was closely veiled, so that no peering eyes could discover whether she was a Hindoo or a European. They were taken into the ship, which, soon after, weighed anchor and sailed away. The sea proved too much for the Hindoo woman, who died and

was buried in the waters. After reaching England, the lady wrote a tiny book, giving the details of her escape. Thus the lounge said.

We have given but a brief outline of the story. Need we tell our readers it was with strange, conflicting emotions that we slowly climbed the steps back to the palace,—were not satisfied to stand within its crumbling walls,—but must needs climb the stairs and stand on its roof, which was flat and even? It was while standing here that the little meeting was held, to which previous reference has been made. Slowly we descended, and made our way to the opening of that underground passage, and, as we viewed, from our standing-place, the ruins of that palace which was once the prison of one of our kinswomen, the words came over the soul with a strange sweetness: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," and the answer of our heart was, "Grand, noble woman, your wrongs have been avenged."

We made our way through the grounds, taking the direction which it was most likely the flying fugitives took, meanwhile thanking God for the protection of a Christian government. By this time the sun was beginning to give out such scorching rays, that we were glad to hasten down through the city, taking the shortest road to the place where we were finding shelter at that time. After a bath we repaired to breakfast,



which was waiting, and consisted of native barley cakes (griddle cakes), which were rolled out and made very hard, goat steak and a little boiled rice, with very strong tea. We made our breakfast of the cakes and rice.

When we had thus refreshed ourselves, we thought to get a little sleep, as we had a hard night's work ahead of us. We had scarcely thrown ourselves down on the rough mat which served as a bed, when a low voice from outside the bath-room door said, "Miss Sahib." Not recognizing the voice, we made answer, "Wuh kohn hie" (who is there)? Then he spoke a little louder, and we learned that it was our guide of that morning, come to hear more about Jesus. We bade him go around to the veranda, and we would send a friend to teach him. He turned away from the door, and his sad face haunts us still, for, instead of going around to the front of the house, as we bade him, he went away. We presume he was afraid some of his friends would see him there and make trouble. We did not get the sleep that we felt we needed, because we had failed to do our duty toward this young man.

About sundown, a runner from the telegraph brought us word that, instead of going directly home, we were to meet a party half-way, and proceed with them to a distant village, to find, if possible, the state of the



people and their needs. We knew they were needing Christ, but whether the way of His coming had been prepared, we knew not ; so, engaging a "tonga walla" (two-wheeled cart and driver), we started out to meet our friends. The roads were not very even or smooth ; consequently, when you thought you were sitting securely on one side of the cart, you would as suddenly find yourself at the other, frantically clutching the air, with the delusive fancy that you were near one of the four upright stakes which are driven in at the corners of the flat bamboo bottom of the cart.

There is no raised seat ; one must sit flat down, and the bottom is not very smooth, either, as it is composed of the bamboo canes split, with the rounding sides placed upward. There is a space between each of these of nearly an inch. Not very comfortable sitting, especially over rough roads, with, perhaps, an unruly bullock in front, going at his best speed, and the driver, sitting astride the front gear of the cart, vainly pulling the bullock by the tail, and uttering, now and then, what seemed to us a fierce grunt of dissatisfaction. Thus we traveled that evening for well-nigh ten miles, and then hauled up at the "dak bungalow" (travelers' rest house), where our friends were awaiting us, and where we decided to rest a few hours.

This ride brought to our minds our first camel-ride, which happened in this wise : During the heated term,

as a rule, the Europeans flee to the hills, but our little band determined to remain on the plains. Some few miles from us was a fine lake, which lay like an emerald on beauty's breast. On one side of this lay the government garden, or park, and far across the lake to the west the pass between the mountains, which on the north and south raise their towering peaks toward the sky, while their granite base is ever and anon lashed by the fury of the waves, or, in calm, kissed by the sparkling, dancing waters.

Thither, one evening after a day of trial and hard work, we turned our faces. A wealthy Eurasian kindly furnished camels, as it was to be a camel-ride. The air was perfect at the hour (midnight). Our work had kept us till nearly eleven, and then our tea was to be attended to. Thus the lateness of the hour. But the full moon touched all nature with her bewitching tracery of light and shadow. The cool night breeze wooed us out after the intense heat of the day passed, that she might fan our feverish brows with her delicious breath.

The camels were fleet of foot, and the drivers were docile, obedient Hindoos. The mounting of the camels would be, to the American, a novel scene. There, in the soft moonlight, the three beasts were told to kneel down. Each had an easy seat prepared for two persons. We were assisted to ours, amid a great deal

of grumbling on the part of the camels, as they object very strongly to having any burden put upon them.

When we were all cosily seated a gentleman took his place in front, the huge beasts repeating the growls and snarls which greeted us when mounting. When the party were all mounted the word was given the camels to rise, and we were told to hold fast to our seat, a caution which it would be well for every one to heed the first time he mounts a camel. There was a shaking under us, and then we were thrown backward, frantically clutching our seat to keep from being thrown off. While thus engaged the beast raised on his hind feet, which caused us to grasp as frantically from behind to keep from being thrown on our faces. Then the drivers, with long ropes attached to the beasts' heads, started, giving them at the same time a sharp stroke with a switch and telling them to go quickly. While we were expecting the beasts to go, we were not prepared for such a shaking and tossing as we got. This being our first camel-ride we threw our hands aloft, searching (in vain, of course,) for something to stay our unsteady gait. While the others were riding at ease, we were making ourselves the sport of both riders and drivers, but on our return we righted up and rode as easily and gracefully as it was possible for any one to ride a camel. Indeed, we rather enjoyed the

race, which was entered into by the drivers to test whose was the faster steed.

You can imagine something of the unsteadiness of a seat on a camel's back, when we tell you that our watch, which we carry in a close pocket, was twice thrown from its hiding-place during that eventful ride.

Would it were possible to describe to our readers the beauties of that oriental park when viewed by moonlight. It was simply beyond compare,—with now a bewitching nymph perched high in air, holding above her head a crystal chalice, from which bubbles forth a fountain of sparkling, cooling waters, falling in countless diamond drops into the bowl at her feet. There, a little to her right, is a dark grotto, overhung by the delicate vines and beautiful flowers of the India creepers. While just over yonder, in all its colossal strength and beauty, stands the marble figure of Lord Napier. The wind, playing among the trees of mango and olive, caused their branches to nod and bend near and nearer to the grand old statesman, until they seem to be whispering to him the tale of India's wrongs.

But to go back to our friends and the “dak bungalow.” The servant whose business it was to look after the buildings and see that the wants of the travelers were met, came forward with a courteous “salam,” and then stepped one side to await our orders. As we had not brought a servant with us, we requested him

to bring a good woman to look after our wants, as we felt very tired after our ten-mile ride in the two-wheeled "gharie." He withdrew quickly, and returned in a few minutes with a tall, dignified Mohammedan woman, then withdrawing as silently as he came.

We pointed to our bed, which was a pillow, a quilt and a flannel blanket, strapped up. This she undid, shaking each thing separately, to be sure that there were no centipedes or scorpions hidden among them. Then she spread them on an iron bed-rack which stood in the room, and bade us go to rest, which we did, after wrapping our heavy Russian cloak about us, for the nights are damp and cool among the hills. We told the woman to have our "rota aur muckin aur cha" (bread and butter and tea) ready at four o'clock in the morning, as we must resume our journey at that hour, bidding her good-night as she silently left the room.

Despite our aching bones and bruised flesh (result of our ride), we were soon fast asleep. We did not feel timid, as a screen only a few feet high separated our room from the one our friends occupied. We heard nothing,—knew nothing further, until a low voice outside our door called "Miss Sahib." We bade the woman come in. She entered, bringing a "butte" (small lamp) in her hand, which she placed on the table, and, returning to the door, received from a man

outside, the cup of tea and bread and butter, which she brought, saying she would hold them and let us eat while we remained resting, as the journey was long and we had had but little time for sleep.

We thanked her for her kind thoughtfulness, at the same time accepting it, which gave us a few minutes longer to rest, but we were soon up and robed for our journey.

Stepping out on the veranda we could see from the dim light given out from a lamp fastened on the wall, that the air was full of fog, and the half-clad drivers of the bullock-carts had taken the precaution to provide themselves with flannel blankets (much resembling the American government blankets, but about half as large), which they fasten over the shoulders, letting them hang loose about the person.

The carts were covered over with bamboo, which protected us from the dampness, but the cool night wind blew threw, as there was no protection at the front or back, and made one feel very chilly. After riding a little time, a gentleman from the other cart came and hung a blanket over the opening in front, which made it much more comfortable for us. His wife remarked after he had left, that "we had both better lie down and get some sleep before daylight," for at that time of the year the day dawns slowly.

We unstrapped both beds, using one to lie on, and

the other for covering. We found ourselves in rather close quarters, but, being under so much covering, we were warm, and, despite the fact that we were bumped around some, we went to sleep, and had a long, cozy nap. When we awakened and peered cautiously out at the rear of the "bandy," we could distinguish the gray outline of land and "jungle (woods). We then took a position where we could have a view of what was going on around us.

Any of our readers who may have traveled all night and watched the coming in of the morning, knows how interesting it is to see all nature waking up from the rest and sleep of the night. Now and then we would catch a glimpse of a herdsman dividing his goats and cows and buffaloes, as they must drive the cows to the doors of the Europeans, where a servant must watch while the milking is done, for fear the dairyman will sell them water and milk, instead of pure milk, and sometimes, though you may think you are watching every move, yet they will have water concealed some way in their sleeves, and will get it into the milk, even while you are near.

Far down there, by that tiny stream, is a person almost hidden from view by the gray fog of the morning, washing out his "chuddar" (a piece of cloth three or four yards long). The poor villagers and herders will get a "suit of clothes," that is, a few yards



of unbleached cloth, cut it in two pieces, using one as a loin-cloth and the other for a "chuddar," which they throw over their shoulders. This is their "suit," which they wear until worn out, never taking it off except to wash it, as we see this one doing. Many times, in our work among the herdsmen on the outskirts of the city, in the early morning and in the evening, we have seen ten or twelve at some pool of water near the roadside, washing their clothes. Standing far out in the water, they beat it with the garment, and perhaps many poor families would be obliged to drink water from this same pool.

We do not wonder at the terrible ravages of disease among the Hindoos, when we think of their food and drink. We have seen them draw water for a whole village, from a tank, the water in which was covered with a dark green foam, which sent up such a stench that one could hardly endure to stand near it when the sun is shining. They filter it through a little sand, which takes the unpleasant odor off, and they think all the impurities are gone. They are so filthy in many ways.

One evening we had occasion to go into the cook-room to prepare some toast, as the cook did not understand doing it. We would advise our readers, should their lot ever be cast in India, and they want to retain a good appetite, to stay out of the cook-room. While



holding the bread over the fire, our attention was arrested by seeing the cook take up one corner of his "cupra," or coat, which had been white, but which had now become the color of dirty sand-stone, and hold it to strain the hot water into the tea for our supper. We did not care for tea that night, nor for many nights to come.

One morning we went down to thicken some milk, and there sat the cook on the ground, with the knife between his toes, cutting the meat for curry, and such dirty feet we never saw before. We gave the man a lesson on cleanliness, which he will remember as long as he remembers anything. That was our last trip to the cook-room. After this, when we wanted a fire for any special purpose, we used a small furnace with charcoal.

As the morning lengthened, we saw, here and there along the route, little bamboo tents, and, just outside, women would have a little hole scooped out in the earth and a fire kindled in it, where they would be preparing the morning meal for the family, who would be standing round, or, perhaps, sitting on a mat, smoking and talking over some events of the previous day, while they were hunting or fishing, as the case might be. There are large numbers of these very poor people near these villages, who get their living by selling wild game to the Europeans.

We found this village near a long range of beautiful wooded hills. The first rays of the morning sun were touching all nature with a rich, bright halo, and turning the dew-drops into countless diamonds, as we came to a halt on its outskirts. We also found that the dear Lord had sent a husbandman into the field before us, and the seed sown had taken root, and was already bearing fruit in the lives of some of these people, to the glory of God the Father.

Before we had time to alight from the cart, a carriage drove up and the footman handed us a letter, which, on opening, we found was an invitation from a wealthy Eurasian gentleman, who lived a little distance up the wooded hill, to make his house our home while stopping in the place. This gracious offer we most thankfully accepted. We found his grounds laid out in a very tasty manner, and the house furnished in the true Oriental style.

Our dinner was served on the lawn, in the shadow of the beautiful mango trees, at six in the evening. Parrots, and other gay-plumaged birds, were flitting hither and thither among the branches, while off to our right, on the side of the hill, the wily monkeys were coming in single file down to the pepal trees, to get the fruit for their evening meal, and near us were the white-robed Hindoo servants, gliding noiselessly in and out, while they served to us the meal. Back of

us stood the "punka walla," swinging a fan some three feet square, hoisted on a ten-foot pole. The swing was as regular as if performed by machinery.

Our host and hostess were professing Christians, but had allowed the cares of this life to choke out the Word. We remained over one day only, held three services, beside doing some personal work among the women. Even among these poor people, we found caste rules very strict. We called a meeting for the boys, and some, coming rather early, went to playing very roughly. One little fellow received a severe cut on the forehead, and, of course, cried, as any American boy would have done. We went outside at the call of distress, and saw the boy's face and clothes all smeared with blood. We called for water, which was brought from the Eurasian bungalow. We wetted our "rhe-omol," or handkerchief, and were about to apply it to his head, when he rushed back, and, throwing out both hands, exclaimed, "Nay, nay, Miss Sahib!"

Realizing the position in which we stood to this people, we turned to one who could speak English, and he informed us that the boy was a Brahman, and that it would break his caste to use water from any but a Brahman well, or have anyone else apply it to the wound. There the poor boy had to wait nearly half an hour for one of the boys to go and tell a Brahman and have him bring water and cloth, and, under our

direction, cleanse and bind up the wound. So much for the system of caste.

The day is one of rare loveliness: the dark, rich leaves of the mango cast shimmering shadows as the rays of the morning sun kiss their glossy surface, while the delicate, thread-like branches of the tamarind trees tremble and bend near each other in the cooling zephyrs that float through them, as if they were whispering of the terrible things enacted beneath their friendly shadows, for, see! Just beneath stands that hateful idol. The butterfly flits hither and thither in the bright rays of the sun. The sweet songs of birds fill all the grove. The swallow twitters above us, as though suffering and sorrow were things unknown, but amid all this brightness, and above all is a shadow, casting its blackening pall over the gilded palaces of these Eastern monarchs as well as the mud-covered hut of the veriest slave who grovels at his feet, and this morning, surrounded, as we are, by idols and idol-worship, with all its hateful consequences, our spirits are depressed, and we are lost in revery, which is suddenly broken in upon by a wail of anguish from a woman's lips. We look in the direction from whence the sound comes. We see, —what? A frail woman vainly trying to lift a bundle of wood, to put it on her head, but her strength is not sufficient, and because of this her cruel master is beat-

ing her. We hear the sounds as blow after blow touches her bared and sun-burned back!

At last she sinks beside the path to die, while the man gives her a kick, with the words, "She is only an aurant (woman), far less than a dead dog." And yonder, in the distance, is seen a gathering of people, with banners and mock spears, all tending toward the temple of "Dourga." Let us follow them and see and learn. They halt in a beautiful mango-grove, a half league or so from the mission bungalows, on the further outskirts of which stands the temple proper, near a large well, or, as the Americans say, reservoir of water, where they are to hold a religious festival in honor of Dourga.

A little apart from this is a beautiful garden, inclosed by a rude stone wall, in the center of which is a tiny house, where the goddess reposes on a couch of roses. We try to enter the sacred inclosure, but a priest we had not seen before is crouching like a vigilant hound near the entrance. As we approach he darts up, and, putting himself between us and the gateway, gives us to understand we cannot enter, so we pause to catch, if possible, a glance within the building. We see a fine palanquin, made of gold cloth, lined with crimson. The curtain, or "purdah," is looped up with golden tassels, and there, on its couch of roses, lies the idol; kneeling near, on a mat, is her attendant, an old Hindoo, who keeps a fan waving over the idol to keep the

flies from disturbing her slumbers. On the other side of her sits her priest, going over the sacred beads.

We ask the warder some questions which he will not answer, making excuse that the goddess is asleep, and he must not talk about her when she cannot hear. If we would come in the early evening, she would then be awake, and he would be allowed to answer any questions we might choose to ask.

The idol was made of marble, overlaid with gold. We could not help thinking of the contrast between that man's god and our God, who declares in His word that He neither slumbers nor sleeps, is as a wall of fire around about us, while this poor Hindoo must stand and keep guard over his god while it is supposed to be sleeping. He must toil early and late, and go hungry and naked, in order that his god may receive larger presents at his hands.

And many times,—yes, we repeat it, *many times*,—he must pour out the life-blood of his child to appease her wrath, as we are told that to-day there are many children in remote places in India, sacrificed to the blood-thirsty “Kali,” and even women suffer the same awful fate. We believe that nearly all, if not all, human sacrifices are made to the goddess “Kali,” who is represented as standing on the prostrate form of her husband. About her neck is a string of human skulls; one of her hands holds a dagger, another a gory human

head, still another is stretched out in blessing, while the fourth and last is raised in malediction. Her tongue hangs out of her mouth as in the act of lapping blood. A more horrid-looking object could not well be conceived.

They tell how little girl-babies, even at the present time, are taken to this shrine and dashed against its base. The bleeding victim is then held where the warm life-blood will cover the idol, while the deluded worshippers will dance about in wild excitement and fiendish delight. Many times the mangled form is tossed from one to the other, as we would toss a ball, until their garments are besmeared with the blood of the slain.

It is evening now, and we will go out and watch the progress of the festival. Hindoo lamps are placed in the trees, and all along the steps leading down to the water's edge. The reservoir is only one-third full, with a broad flight of stone steps on two sides leading down to the water. The women must stay far back in the grove, with the exception of the dance girls who belong to the temple,—they can go wherever they choose in this wild, noisy crowd. Now and then we catch, for a moment, through the temple door, a sight of their airy, bejeweled costumes, as they flit from one place to another.

The idol is brought from its place in the little house,



and placed in a niche of the temple, after being carried down and receiving a plunge in the water. All this time the throng are singing songs to the goddess, of her beauty and power. After putting it in the place it was to occupy through the evening, they began making preparations for the sacrifices, which they told us were to be goats. As we did not wish to witness the slaughtering of the victims, we turned and left the place. All night long the sound of their revelry was borne to us on the southern breeze, and, as we listened, our mind went back over history and time, and, as it did so, we were witnessing another preparatory sacrificial scene! The time, night! The Victim was not the purchase-price of gold or silver, which none were too poor to bring.

And those who were chief in the preparatory work were as wild and noisy as this heathen band,—wild with malicious hate and scorn and envy. We hear them gnash their teeth, and spit upon and smite their Victim in their frenzied wrath! And what or who is this costly sacrifice which is so soon to be offered? It is the Christ-man who came, and, by the giving up of His life, the shedding of His most precious blood on the cross, thereby paid the redemption-price of every human soul! Once for all, bought us from the power of sin and death to the power of an endless life.

Oh, dear India! Hear the glad news. You, whose



sons and daughters have so long been crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut's car,—throw your graven images and idols to the moles and the bats, and worship the True and Living God. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry with you, and ye perish off the face of the earth!

All hail, Thou crucified Redeemer!  
In this dark land we bid Thee stay,  
Till every soul shall bid Thee welcome  
And every heart for Thee make way.

The light of the morning revealed to us many of these deluded worshipers, straggling by the mission bungalow, their garments smeared with blood and their faces with paint; and they themselves looking as though they had been under the influence of intoxicants for a week. Would it were possible to give our readers a correct pen-picture of the worshiper of Kali. She is called "the bloody goddess," and the most terrible scenes are enacted in obedience to her. Of all the images worshipped in the East, we did not see any other that caused us so much abhorrence as this one.

A person cannot go outside his home without seeing the images. On the roadside, in the street, in the bazaars, in the homes, and wherever one's feet may tread, we find these odious objects. In the groves, they are carved on a large stone, and the stone is set up against a tree and smeared with paint. The trees are hung

with lamps, which are kept in order by the attendant priest, and lighted at six o'clock every evening.

The greater number of these outside idols represent "Ganesa," the god of "prudence and policy." He has an elephant's head and a human body. The elephant's head is an emblem of sagacity. His name signifies "Isa," governor, and "Gana," a company of deities. All sacrifices and religious ceremonies, and serious compositions in writing, and, indeed, all worldly affairs of importance, are begun by pious Hindoos with an invocation of "Ganesa"; otherwise, they would be failures. He has generally four hands, and is the chief among the Hindoo gods. It is believed that all success and disappointment spring from him.

Allow us to give you a specimen of the Hindoo worshiper's address to "Ganesa," as he approaches and prostrates himself before the idol: "Praise to thee, oh, Ganesa! Thou art the truth! Thou art the creator, preserver and destroyer, the supreme, the eternal spirit. Whoever meditates on thee will never be impeded by difficulties,—will acquire riches, and have every object of his desire."

The Hindoo would not, on any account, build a house without first placing on the ground an image of Ganesa, which he sprinkles with oil and adorns every day with flowers. The idol is set up in all places, so that persons of all ranks may invoke him before they under-

take any business, and that travelers may worship him as they proceed on their journeys. At many of these shrines there are two or more persons who profess to be able to tell the worshipers the best way to gain the favor of the god, and call themselves priests. They stand or sit very near the idol, and when offerings are laid on the shrine, they watch their opportunity, and when the face of the worshiper is bowed to the ground, slyly conceal the things in their clothes and sell them for money. The worshipers believe that Ganesa is pleased with them, and has consumed their offering.

Many times our heart was filled with anguish, as we saw those dear Hindoos fall down before the idol, cutting and beating themselves, crying out in agony of soul for help and comfort, and calling on the name of the god. Of course help could not come to them through a piece of stone, which their own hands had fashioned.

These places are made attractive by the lighted lamps in the foliage of the trees, and little fires are kindled near when the weather is cool. Many of the men and boys spend the early part of the evening here, and later go to a gambling den, or some other place equally as bad, where they congregate and spend the greater part of the night in wild and wanton revelleries, drinking, smoking and stealing. This, of course,

is the case only with a certain class of worthless persons, who have nothing to do during the day but to lie around and take their meals, which some woman has earned and prepared for them. But while this curse of drink is blighting many lives, and turning the sweetness of home into the bitterness of gall, many grand native gentlemen are fighting the monster with all the strength of their being.

We were invited, one evening, to attend a temperance meeting in the City of Bombay, which was organized and carried on by native gentlemen. During the speaker's address, he referred to the liquor traffic in these words: "The governments simply regulate the traffic to best suit their selfish ends—mainly to increase the revenue and fill their coffers with the money of the slain. I have two beautiful boys in my home (we all knew his was an elegant home), and, should one or both of these boys become drunkards, what would that home be to me? Simply a place of torment! And as I look about me, and see so many of my people fall before the intoxicating cup, I feel I would willingly give up my life, if, by so doing, these might be saved."

All of this from a heathen! The nature and habits of these people are such that, when they are overcome by drink, they are just wild. One afternoon, we were just finishing our Hindoo lesson, when some one came

rushing up the veranda steps. Peering through the chick that covered the doorway, we saw a woman with wild eyes and flowing garments. We drew aside the curtain and signaled her to enter. She had no more than gotten out of sight, before two men entered the "compound," or yard, and began to search all about. When the woman entered we knew something was wrong, and opened a door leading into a large wardrobe which stood in the room, and bade her enter, at the same time pushing our study table against the door. We knew she would have plenty of air, for the top was open.

After the men had looked all around the grounds, they came up the veranda steps and "salamed" at our door. We saw that one of the men was intoxicated. We asked them what was wanted, to which they replied that their "aurant" (woman) had run away, and they thought she was in our room. We bade them come in and see. They came in, and not finding anyone, went out with curses on their lips, saying they would watch the house.

We kept the woman three days. Every evening, after the night watchmen had taken their places at all the landings, we would bring out a mat and allow her to lie on the floor at our feet, and in the morning she would go into her place of hiding before anyone was up. The fourth evening we robed her in a dress be-

longing to our native interpreter, and drove with her to a mission some miles away, from whence we had prepared to have her taken to a mission in another station many miles away. The last account of her was that she had accepted Christianity, and was doing much good in the rescue mission whither we had caused her to be taken.

Some of the women are very treacherous, especially the dance girls, or rather the women who are brought up as dance girls and for some reason abandoned the profession. At one time it was our unpleasant duty to act as detective when the culprit was one of this class of persons. She was really an intellectual woman, and because of this was hired by a gang of thieves to work in their interest.

One afternoon she came to the place where we were spending some time, which, by the way, was a large mission home, where at that time they were caring for well-nigh twenty orphans. They also had the European and native churches, and four school rooms, besides rooms for the family of the missionary in charge, and his workers. The European church was on the second floor, and was entered from a wide hall, or vestibule, the two separated by a heavy curtain, which was kept looped up in the after-part of the day. The family also roomed on the second floor. We happened to be standing in this hall when the woman

entered. She accosted us and then passed into the church and knelt in one of the pews, keeping that position for some time. Then she arose and came out to where we were standing, and entered into conversation, which was carried on for some time.

She told us that some one, ten years before (a Christian woman), had told her about Jesus, and had given her a Bible (she could read and write the English language), and that, since that time, she had worked a great deal for Christian people.

We asked what her present occupation was, and she made reply that she was out of employment at that time; that the lady with whom she had been engaged had just left the place, thus leaving her in her present situation.

She was very airy and graceful in every move, and by this we knew that she had been a dance girl, although she was now a woman between thirty and forty years of age. After a time the lady in charge of the Orphanage came in and entered into conversation with her. Toward dark she left the house, but every day for a week we watched her go into the matron's rooms.

The week was drawing to a close, and supplies must be purchased for the coming month. We met the matron early in the day, and she informed us that she had secured the woman to look after the native children,



and do some sewing for them; that she had quarters outside where she could get her meals and spend the night, and further, as she was a native, she could do better in trading than a foreigner; that she had made arrangements with her to come that day at noon, and the mission carriage would take her to the "bazaar," where she was to get the supplies for the month.

We asked in a careless tone who was to accompany the woman. At this time the matron had a friend visiting her who knew all about native life, and we suggested that this lady go with the woman, which she refused to do unless we would promise to accompany her, which we did, as we knew there was trouble ahead.

After the woman and our friend were in the carriage we ran back up the steps and asked the matron how much money she had given the woman, to which she replied, "Fifty rupees." We then asked if she could give us a list of the articles which the woman was to bring. She gave us a hurried outline of what was wanted, and we hastened back to the carriage, detecting, as we entered, a restlessness of manner in the woman, as though she scarcely knew just how to proceed. Before entering the carriage, we gave directions to the driver that he was to take us directly to the large "bazaar." When we reached there the carriage was stopped and we all alighted. The woman passed into



the market a few steps in advance of us, and we whispered to our friend: "Keep an eye on the woman, she is up to mischief."

Our friend was then all attention to hear and see everything that passed between the woman and those with whom she had to do. We did not understand the language well enough to follow a conversation. The woman talked a long time, and only purchased a little sugar, for which she paid one rupee. Then she stepped outside and held a low conversation with the driver, while we watched every move. She came and told us that she wanted to go over to the other side of the city to a small market, where she could get rice and barley at greatly reduced rates.

We knew that the business of purchasing the grain had been put into her hands, and that we had no right to interfere. She had talked so long at this market that the afternoon was waning. We saw the cupidity of this move. It was nearing the time for the afternoon express and passenger to Delhi, and she thought to get the money into the hands of one of the thieves and get off on this train.

We all entered the carriage and started to drive across the city, when, about half way, the woman put her hand out of the carriage and signaled the driver to stop, telling him and us that she wanted a drink of water. Before we could hardly think she had left the

carriage and was out of sight behind some tall buildings. It was but a moment, and we asked the driver if he knew where the woman lived. He said "Yes," and informed us that she was going the short way to her lodgings. We bade him drive after her as fast as he could.

We soon turned a corner, which brought her in full view. She was running at full pace, her "chuddar" flying behind her. We followed until the street became too narrow for our carriage, when we bade the driver fasten his horse and follow on foot, keeping the woman in view, no matter where she went, and we would come on as fast as our skirts and the heat would allow.

Our friend, not being as fleet of foot as ourselves, brought up the rear, and thus we four ran, into one alley, up another and across the third, through people's houses, across their back yards, for we must needs keep the driver in view, and he kept the woman in sight, till at last, breathless and weary, we were brought to a halt.

The woman darted into an open door, it was slammed shut behind her just as we came up with the driver. He told us these were the woman's quarters, and that he dared not go in. We tried to open the door, but it would not yield. We heard voices within, and curses and threats. We breathed a prayer for protection and

demanded that the door be opened at once, or their quarters would be rushed by the police.

The door was flung open and three men, with most wicked-looking faces, stood in the center of the room. We entered, regardless of fear, although we saw in the belt or girdle of each the hated knife which many of the Hindoos carry, and we knew by the look on their faces that the taking of life was a small thing to them. Our driver stood outside the door, and we bade him follow us. One of the men stepped forward and said, "He cannot enter here"; but our orders had been given, and a Hindoo servant feels he must obey a foreigner when in his employ, whatever the results may be. As he stepped inside the door the man laid his hand on his knife and came forward. We stepped between our servant and the man, at the same time forbidding him to take another step toward us, and telling him that he must bring the woman to us at once.

All this took place in a very short space of time. We saw that at heart the man was a coward. He said that the woman had gone into the yard to look at some rice he had there drying. He spoke to one of the other men, who went out and up a pair of stairs, and soon returned with the woman, whom we ordered to go with us to the carriage. When we were almost there she told the driver to take us down by the rail-

way station, as there was a little market where she could get good rice.

We knew there was no such market there, and told the man to take us to the Mission Bungalow as fast as the horse could go. She did not hear our orders, but when she saw we were not driving toward the railway she became very uneasy and attempted to get the driver's attention by tapping on the window, and even went so far as to say that she would get out and walk to the little market if we did not choose to drive there, as she must get the provisions which she was told to get.

Just then one of the men whom we had seen in her lodgings went past us toward the station with something tied up in a bundle. He gave a peculiar whistle, which the woman answered by a lightning-like sign with her hand. We guessed that he had clothing and food for her, and that she intended to get off on that train with the money, despite our precautions. We were soon at the Mission Bungalow. We bade the woman remain in the carriage, as we had an errand inside.

Hastening up the steps we met the matron, and told her there was mischief brewing; that she would better have the woman return the money to her, and give it to our friend, and we would again go to market. She knew we had good reasons, or we would not make this request, so, without waiting for an explanation, she

went down to the carriage and asked the woman for the money she had given her.

The woman hesitated about giving it up, and said that she had been over to the other side of the city to learn more about rice, and was now ready to go and get the things wanted. The matron, however, insisted on her delivering up the money, and it was handed in her presence to our friend. Then we started again for the market.

When we had gone a little way the woman insisted on riding outside with the driver. Very soon we saw that he was changing his route, and was entering the most wicked portion of the city. He could go that way to the large market, and we determined not to show fear.

We bade the man, on a severe penalty, not to stop the carriage unless ordered by us personally, until we reached the market. Then our friend handed the money which she held to us, "For," said she, "the woman knows I have the money, and will direct the thief to me." We urged the driver to put the horse to his best speed, and were soon out of the dangerous portion of the city, but not before the woman had tried several times to stop the carriage.

When we reached the "bazaar" she started away from us, telling the driver she would walk home. We saw nothing more of her, and the second day after this

had happened, toward evening, we took two of our native helpers and visited her lodgings. A lad in his teens met us at the door, and we asked after the woman. He said she was "ouper" (up-stairs), at the same time pointing to some portable steps leading to the room above. We saw at the top a hole cut in the ceiling, perhaps four feet square. It was so arranged that the piece taken out could be fitted down again, and no one would know there was any opening.

We asked permission to go up, which was given. We sent the young women up, and we remained on the stairs so that no foul play should overtake any one of us. We could see the woman from where we stood lying on an old rug, moaning with pain. One of the girls asked her what the matter was, and she said her son had beat and burned her. She asked why he had done such cruel things, to which the woman responded, "None of your business. If I was up I would pitch you down from here head first."

The girls then retreated and came to the head of the stairs. We bade one of them take our place as watcher, and we would talk with the woman. We went near and asked if she was hungry. She said "Yes." Then we asked her if she would like us to bathe her burns with oil and put ointment on her bruises (we always carried both when out visiting the homes). She said "Yes." Her arms and face had ter-

rible burns, and her body was bruised where they had beaten and kicked her. We poured on oil and bound up the wounds as best we could. Then, giving the lad some money, bade him hasten and get some meat and prepare broth.

We staid with her until the broth was drank, trying to talk with her in regard to her life, but she would not answer only to curse and attempt to sling something, as she said, at our heads. So we went below and asked the boy where the men were. He said they had gone away for a week, and told him to care for things until they returned; that the woman had been without food for twenty-four hours; that he was afraid to go near her, as she told him she would kill him if he went up-stairs, but the men had beaten and burned her because she failed to get away with some plunder she had in her possession a few days ago.

We did not tell him that we were the parties concerned, but bade him see that the woman did not suffer food, and left the place. The second day after we called again, but, not gaining admittance, began looking around the place. An old Hindoo, evidently the owner of the building, came and informed us that the parties had fled. He had just learned that they were a part of a gang of thieves, and some of them had been having some trouble with a foreigner, and fearing



a raid by the police, had left, sending for the woman the night before.

This was our first experience with a thief, and we were grieved and saddened, but, taken as a whole, we believe the Hindoo women are honest seekers after truth and light, and they feel that from America their help must come.

We were not a little surprised to see how soon these bad people had fled from the place. We never spoke of the trouble to anyone but the matron, to whom we explained everything when we reached home. She laughed when we told her of our chase, but we went to our room pondering on the great problem of human depravity, and on the tender Father-love of God.

Suddenly our reverie was broken in upon by a peal of merry laughter, which made the air vibrate with its rich music. We almost fancied a being from some other realm had dropped down to cheer our sad hearts. Leaving our seat and looking out of the door in the direction from whence the sound came, we saw perched far out on a branch of a tall "tamarind" tree near the bungalow, our little "Yacob," the smallest of the orphan boys.

The evening was perfect after the heat of the day, and the children were out for a romp, enjoying its delicious coolness. His mirth was caused at seeing the vain attempt of a larger boy to find him. They were



playing blind-man's buff. The matron told us he had been the life of the household ever since he became an inmate. He was very small for one of his age (seven years), but we never saw a child more Christ-like in disposition and spirit than he was. His face, though very dark, was beautiful, and always lighted up with a rare, sweet smile, which made him lovable to all.

While we were at this place, it so happened that the lady in charge must needs secure a table servant. The man who was recommended proved to be a good workman, but a wicked fellow. One morning, as we were going down to the school-room, we noticed the little boy talking very earnestly to the servant. Soon after this he was taken with chills, and we ordered him to be brought to the dining-hall, as we wished to attend personally to his breakfast.

He was brought, and when his breakfast was placed before him he bowed his head and was in the act of saying grace, when the table servant appeared at the door. Seeing and hearing the child, he stopped on the threshold and stood with bowed head until the boy had finished. Soon after this he came and asked if we had a Hindustani Bible, and if so, could he borrow it for a time. We gladly furnished the Bible.

When he had kept it for two weeks he came and began asking questions. We saw that the Spirit of

God had aroused his conscience. He then told us that one morning, soon after he came to us, he got into a dispute with the cook about some little thing, and used profane language in the presence of little "Yacob." When the cook went away he came up and said: "Bearer, don't you know those were wicked words you used? No one but bad men use those words. I love you now, but if you speak such words any more, I must stop loving you."

The servant went on to say: "Then and there I determined to know something of this power which is able to make a bad man good. I have thrown away my idols; I want to be baptized and live a Christian life, that I may be worthy the love of that child." We murmured: "And a little child shall lead them."

This boy, with his older brother, was brought to the mission by the police, who said that their father and mother had died the week before of cholera. When they had been in the mission a few weeks a man came claiming to be their uncle, and demanded the boys. The younger made vigorous protest, but the missionary was obliged to give them up, and the man took them away. In four days he returned bringing "Yacob" in his arms, saying that he could do nothing with the boy, and they could have him. He subsequently signed papers to that effect.

As we looked into the face of the beautiful boy

that evening our mind took in the grand possibilities of his future, and the multitude of his countrymen whom he will lead out from the dark night of idolatry and death into the glorious light of the Son of Righteousness and everlasting life. And then we think of the dear boys in this dark land, who may never hear the good news, but who, all their lives, must bow down and worship a god which their own hands have made, because they do not know any better way, and they have no one to teach them of the One True God.

There are many girls, too, in this land, whose lives might be, with different surroundings, rich and helpful. Many of them are loyal and strong under trying circumstances, as the following will illustrate :

One evening, during a Hindoo religious festival, when the streets were crowded with wild, reckless, painted devotees, and the air filled with the "tom-tom" and the hilarious songs of the drunken worshipers, the wild haggard face of a child appeared at our door. We had been to her home many times, as her mother was very ill, and we knew must soon die. We guessed on what errand the little one had come before she spoke. Her mother was worse, and had sent asking if we would come to her at once.

As we cast a glance over the compound in the direction of the city, and our eye caught the lurid blaze of hundreds of torches, and our ear the sound of that

horrid din, we knew to go to the woman we must stem that tide and pass through those streets. For a moment our heart stood still and our courage wavered. Then, remembering the words of Him who had called us to this heathen land, we turned to the Hindoo girl, and looking upon the pleading, upturned face, said : "Tell your mother we will be there soon."

The soft rays of the orient moonlight touched all nature with their silver tracery of light and shadow. Just as the girl left our interpreter came into the room. She had been a Christian for five years, and was graduated from one of our English schools. All the hate and wrath possible is turned toward a woman if she breaks away from caste and becomes a Christian, and this evening we feared the girl would not dare meet that frenzied crowd.

As soon as she came in we told her of the call, and our purpose to go to the woman, and asked if she would go with us. A spasm of pain passed quickly over the fine-cut features, and the lips trembled. Only for a moment, however, and then the look of pain was followed by one of perfect composure, as she answered, "I will go with you. But," added she, "before leaving the house, I feel it my duty to say that we are going into danger, and perhaps death. You know the English government warns all Christians not to expose themselves to the wrath of the Hindoos during these

religious festivals. But a soul is of more value than our lives."

At this remark we both bowed our heads for a moment's silent committing of our entire being into the hands of our loving Father, and then stepped out under the bejeweled dome of heaven. As we did so, an old Hindoo servant, who was walking back and forth as sentinel in our "compound," stepped forward and asked, in a courteous manner, where we were going. When we told him he begged that we should not go, fearing that some hurt would come to us.

When he saw we were firm he wished to go with us through the "bazaar," but we told him we knew our God would take care of us. We learned, however, many weeks after, that this faithful servant followed far behind us until we reached the home of suffering, remaining concealed until our return, when he guarded our steps home. He said that as he saw us hastening through the crowded streets, regardless of the looks of hate and suspicion which greeted us on every hand, he determined in his own heart to accept the religion that was able to make a person fearless in the path of duty. He became an earnest, honest seeker after truth.

Many times during that walk, when we would come up to what seemed to be a solid wall of human beings in our path, we would feel the slender hand which rested on our arm tremble, but the crowd would sud-

denly fall back on either side and leave an open space broad enough for us to walk through, so we were not obliged, even once, to ask permission to pass. We seemed to feel the presence of Him who has said : "I will go before thee and not forsake thee."

When we reached the Mission Bungalow the dear girl retired alone for an hour's communion with God, as she said she must have her strength renewed. Soon after this it became necessary for her to go alone to a station many miles from where we then were ; and to give our readers some idea as to how these native ladies are treated when they break away from caste and become Christians, we will give extracts from her first letter after her arrival :

DEAR MISS SAHIB—Soon after you left me at the station I began to be so afraid, as it was the first time in my life I had been left alone at a railway station. I scarcely knew what to do, it being nearly midnight, but I began talking with Jesus, and soon felt His presence in the room and knew He would care for me. When I went to get my ticket I named the station to which I wanted to go ; the agent, a Mohammedan, laughed and said he would sell me a ticket to the half-way station. In vain I tried to argue with him. At last I went to a gentleman who was waiting for the same train and he bought the ticket for me. Soon after I entered the railway carriage (ladies have separate compartments with a door leading out on either side of the car), a Hindoo came up to the window and began asking all sorts of questions. I would not answer him, but told him that he had no business talking to me, and that he had better go away at once. He would not, however, and began walking back

and forth on the "driver's beat" in front of my window. There was a poor woman with me, and she was terribly frightened. Getting down on the floor in front of me, she tried to hide under my "chuddah." I told her to be quiet, that our God, the true God, would take care of us. The poor woman, with a bewildered look, said: "But if he comes in, what can God do?" I told her God was able to do anything, and knelt down beside her and prayed. The man, all this time, stood looking in at the window, making faces and saying bad words. I feared that he intended jumping in the window, which he could easily have done, but as I prayed I gained courage and the woman became calm.

The little Hindoo girl has no bright, happy childhood. If she belongs to a high-caste family, she is kept as in a prison, and if to a low-caste family, she is the subject of scorn and contempt, just because she is a girl. There were some of these little waifs in the orphanage, where we were staying at one time. It often happens that some one, professing to be an uncle or friend of the family, will come and try to get them away.

One evening, while seated at dinner in the large, airy dining-hall, we fell to musing on all the beauty and the deformity with which we were surrounded. The Hindoo servants, as they glided here and there, clad in snow-white turbans and flowing over-garments, their sandaled feet moving as noiselessly over the mat-covered floor as a cat would glide over our carpets in dear old America. One is never aware of their presence until



one catches sight of them or their shadows. Many times our "ayah" (waiting-woman) would come into the room at our summons. We, perhaps, would be engaged at the time of her entrance, and she would stand behind our chair for some time, until, by some subtle influence, which cannot be described, we would *feel* a presence in the room, and, on looking around, recall the fact that we had summoned her,—always courteous and obedient.

Far out yonder are a number of camels resting after a long day's march. There, at the village well, stands a herder superintending the drawing of water for his flocks, which, by the way, is drawn by a bullock fastened to a rope, which is attached to pulleys. Everything looked so peaceable that we thought to give ourselves to the sweetness of the hour and enjoy it all. But all too suddenly was our day-dream brought to a close, by one of the little orphan girls rushing into the room and throwing herself at our feet, panting like a chased deer, and saying, "Don't let him have me!"—repeating it again and again. We raised her up, and, after quieting her fears and assuring her that no one should harm her, she told us that, while she was out at play, her uncle came and tried to get her away, telling her that, if she did not come with him, he would catch her and whip her to death.

We at once made the matter known to the police,



who went immediately to the man, and gave him to understand that if he disturbed the child again, he would be severely punished. Ever after this, during our stay at that place, the little creature would, every night, bring her little mat and lie curled up, like a pet dog, on the stone floor at the foot of our bed, and, if any sudden sickness seized upon her during the day, she would always hasten to us for help.

She was always so patient. At one time we were obliged to cut an opening in her foot to get at a thorn which had been imbedded for some days in the flesh. While we were at work, her large, dark eyes were turned toward our own with such a mute appeal,—the tears chased each other down the brown cheeks, but no sound passed her lips. At last we asked her if she wanted to rest. She replied: “No! It hurts, but I want it finished.”

Girls are sold by their fathers and uncles, and taken, at the age of twelve years, whether willing or not, from the home of their childhood, and put into the hands of the man who paid the purchase price. We have wished it were possible for those in our own land to realize the condition of women and girls in India. The Hindoo mother loves her child. What must be her feelings, as her sweet babe is torn from her embrace, and borne away by strangers to a strange home! Who will, or can, minister to her in her lonely hours, as she

weeps and sobs for a mother's soothing touch? As we think of these things, we breathe a prayer to God, that this cruel custom of child-marriage may very soon be banished from the face of this beautiful earth.

Among women of the higher castes in India, there is a wonderful amount of natural refinement, with a certain attractive gentleness and quiet self-restraint of manner. You feel this in visiting among them. We have gone into the most uninviting homes, and found at once that we were among ladies. The poor creatures may be only half clad, and their surroundings utterly sordid and mean, yet they will receive you with all the quiet courtesy of a Western lady.

We were permitted, one beautiful morning, an interview with a Hindoo princess in her "boudoir." It occurred on this wise: One evening a class of Hindoo boys, from the Government College, called at the Mission Bungalow, where we were spending some time, asking for a teacher during the first three weeks of their vacation, as they wished to read English. The missionary sent them to us, saying that we were the only ones at the place who could read English, aside from himself, and that he had no time to spare; that he did not know as we had, but they could wait on us and see, which they did.

We had, at that time, the charge of three schools, besides much outside work, but felt that a door was

being opened here, which we had no right to close without laying the matter before the Lord ; so, telling the young men to call the next evening at the same hour, we gave them permission to retire from the room—which is etiquette among the Hindoos. After they had gone, we laid all our work and its interests at the feet of our adorable Lord, and while there, it was made very plain to us that He had set before us this open door through which, in His name, we were to enter homes and hearts that hitherto had been barred, as with triple steel.

The next evening, at the time appointed, a delegation of three young men from the class called to learn our decision. Arrangements were made for the class of twenty-five, to come at five o'clock, and remain two hours every evening, except Saturday and Sunday. Among the boys was the son of this princess referred to, and we were strongly drawn toward him.

The entire class were from high-caste homes, and always appeared in snowy white robes and turbans, and were always courteous. We, however, detected a princely bearing about him, which was wanting in the others. One evening, as the boys entered the study, we noticed a native gentleman come in. We greeted him in the European way, and the princely young man introduced him as his father. We handed him a book and asked if he would conduct the recitation. He

asked to be excused, saying he would prefer to listen. When the class was dismissed, he, with others, lingered for a little talk, during which he signified a wish that we come and see his son's home. We replied that it would give us much pleasure to do so. As they were soon to go to the hills, he asked if we would come on the following morning, which was Saturday, saying that he would send his carriage for us at nine o'clock. We assented, and he bade us good-night, or "salaam," and hastened away.

As his fine, manly figure disappeared in the gathering darkness, we saw him, in imagination, enter his palatial home, and hasten here and there among his servants, giving orders to prepare for our reception on the following morning. We see the poor women hurrying about the place with "whisk" and "douche," while some are sent off to market for the flowers, perfumery and "meti," which things form a very important factor in Oriental etiquettè.

After all preparations are made, the women gather in little groups in their quarters, and, in low tones, discuss the great event which is to come off on the following morning, for never yet has there been permitted to a foreign Christian lady the privilege of entering their master's elegant home, and they, perhaps, are wondering what the "Miss Sahib" will say to them,—if she will bring a book and read to them; sing, or tell

them something of the wonderful land over the sea, where she lives. For these dear Hindoo women have inquiring minds, which, we found, were very active, even though they might be timid and shy.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. We and our interpreter were up early for a "chota hazra" (little breakfast), and finished our morning lesson, as we must needs go through with one lesson in the language on Saturday, as well as any other day; for were we not in great haste to learn, so as to be able to speak to this people of all the wonderful things the God of heaven and earth had endured for them and us?

Before we were aware of the lateness of the hour, a span of prancing grays, drawing an elegant carriage, were driven up to the door. A liveried footman stood on the box behind. We hastily donned our hat and gloves, and, taking our sun-umbrella (which we must have in going to and from the house, the rays of the sun being so fierce), we hurried down the steps, and were soon whirling over the beautiful roads which lead to the homes of the wealthy gentlemen of this Oriental city.

After a ride of about thirty-five minutes, the carriage was drawn up in front of what seemed to us a solid stone wall, perhaps twenty-five feet high, with a face length of forty feet. Nearly in the center was a gate or door made of iron, and which revealed an

opening large enough to admit an ordinary-sized load of hay. As we drove up, the footman ran and spoke to a man who was standing near the door with a small bar of iron in his hand. With this he gave three distinct knocks on the door. At once we heard the sound of bolts and chains within. The door opened and we entered a wide, airy hall, lighted from above. The next moment the heavy door swung shut and was bolted by the warder who sat just inside.

We were conducted through the hall by a servant in snowy-white costume. At the end of this hall was a small iron door which opened into a court, or miniature park, where we saw many beautiful plants, flowers, and birds of gorgeous plumage singing their morning songs as they flew about in the branches of the different shrubs. The gay butterfly flitted hither and thither, and a number of tiny fountains were sending forth their sparkling waters. Boys and men were walking leisurely about, talking over and enjoying the beauties of the morning, but we did not see any little girls out there. Alas! they were behind bars and screens.

This garden was surrounded by the house, with upper and lower verandas. The verandas opening out from the ladies' apartment were fenced by a beautiful Japanese screen. Our guide took us directly across the garden, where was an open door leading

into a dimly-lighted but spacious hall, which we entered. About half-way along the hall, we came to a narrow stairway, up which we followed our guide. Reaching the top, we found ourselves in a hall, similar to the one below, only elegantly furnished. At little distances apart were low "divans" covered by cloth of gold having a crimson center. It was lighted by beautiful chandeliers, from which hung (seemingly) thousands of glistening pendants, which sparkled like countless diamonds. Directly across the landing from the hall was a closed door with a tiny silver bell at the side, which our guide touched. Very soon a little waiting-maid opened the door and we were ushered into the drawing-room, where sat our guest of the previous evening, and the possessor of all this wealth. He arose as we entered, and, after greeting us in true Oriental style, begged us to make ourselves perfectly comfortable.

While he is speaking, let us take a hasty glance around the room. On one side, the wall is covered with the most elegant tapestry, while, on the opposite side, dividing this from an adjoining room, is an elegant Japanese screen. At the further end of the room is a marble table so arranged as to be used for a billiard table. Through the center of the room are three chandeliers suspended from the elegant ceiling over our heads. Arranged in exquisite order all about the



room are daintily-shaped "divans" elegantly upholstered. In the center of the room stands a table, more for ornament than for use, but on this occasion it is literally covered with flowers, the perfume of which is so exquisite as to almost cause faintness. The carpet on which we trod was almost like down, with such rich colors, yet so carefully blended as to form a work of almost unrivaled art. On a marble sideboard were fine cut-glass goblets and gold plates, and, over all, in a niche in the wall overlaid with gold, stood the horrid idol "Ganesa."

Our powers of description not being the best, we have given our readers but an outline of all we saw in that hasty glance over the apartment. We took the seats which had been prepared for us, and, after talking a short time of the affairs of our nation and the English government and its relation to India, we asked our host if we might have the privilege of seeing his daughters, to which he gave consent, but said that he must retire from the room before they came in, as one of his daughters was a bride. So saying, he gave the little waiting-maid who stood at the door an order to bring the young ladies in, and then rose and carefully closed the inside blinds of the lower half of the windows, looking out on the court, after which he stepped into an adjoining room opposite the one which we en-



tered. The screen referred to separated the rooms, so we knew he could hear all that might be said.

Very soon the little maid came in, followed by three beautiful girls of perhaps ten or twelve years. They were all elegantly dressed and one was in bridal robes. As they entered the room, they allowed their "chud-dars" or shawls to fall from their heads in graceful folds over their shoulders, and greeted us with shy, gentle courtesy. They wished to ask us some questions about the girls over the sea, which we gave them permission to do.

When they had finished, we asked them how they spent their time, as they could not walk outside nor play among the beautiful birds and flowers. They replied that sometimes, in the evening, they were allowed to ride in their father's close carriage, and they had fancy-work to which they were obliged to devote a portion of each day. Then they had a play-room where they could play games, but a large portion of their time was spent with their dress and their gods. They brought out their fancy-work for us to examine, and we found it very pretty and the work perfect. After this, they brought their perfumery caskets, of which each girl had one. They were all rosewood, inlaid with pearl, about six inches square by five deep, and were filled with tiny glass bottles, overlaid with gold and containing different kinds of perfume. Aside

from this, each had a little rubber tube filled with the most exquisite perfume, with which they desired to spray us. It was so novel and withal so dainty that we allowed them to throw it over our hands and clothing.

Soon we asked to see the women of the house. The girls exchanged glances, and one of them called the little maid and gave her some message which she took to our host, soon returning with the answer that the women could come in.

She went out by the way we entered, and soon returned, followed by three or four women who looked weary and sad. One held in her arms a little boy who looked very ill. He had fallen on some sharp thing and injured his thigh, and at this time had been suffering some weeks with it. Then they asked us to sing, which we did, and told in a few words the old, old story, and then asked permission to return home.

But we soon learned there was another person in the home who wanted to have the privilege of a private interview. Our guide came, and we were conducted out into the room where our host was chatting with some friends. They both arose, the customary adieus were said, and we followed our guide out into the veranda. Then, going down a flight of steps and a little distance on the lower veranda, we entered a little reception-room, where stood another waiting-

maid. Our guide "salaamed" to us and stepped back. The child touched a bell, which was answered by one in an inner room, and when she heard this, she opened the door and bade us enter. There at a little embroidery table sat a lady in the most elegant attire one could conceive. She arose and came gracefully forward, and, grasping our hand, made us welcome. We felt at perfect ease in her presence.

The conversation was at first of dress and home adornment. We saw she had books (Hindoo, of course), lying about her room. We asked if she liked to read. She made answer that she liked to read *some* books, "but," added she, "I do not like to read these books" (referring to those in the room), "but I like to read the book you gave my son." This was a copy of the New Testament written in Hindoo.

At first she seemed afraid of our interpreter, who was a "Maratta" lady, but we told her not to fear, as she was a Christian and wanted to help her; then she talked freely. She said an English lady taught her to read and write when she was a child in her father's house, and had told her about the one true God, and she believed in Him and Him alone, but she dare not let her husband know, as he might kill her. Then she gave us the following message to deliver:

"Tell your dear sisters, in your dear home land, that the women of India thank them for all they have done

and are doing to break the galling chains from off our bodies and souls. We know it is from the women of America our help must come, and we are waiting and praying for them to open the prison doors."

This she said with tears silently chasing each other down her brown cheeks. She said her son was one with her in faith, and often said that he felt he ought to make a public confession of his allegiance to Christ, but she could not endure the thought of his going away from her, as he would be obliged to do if he professed Christianity.

Soon after this she touched a little bell, and there entered a number of serving-women bearing wreaths made of the beautiful "champa" flowers, which are pure white and very rich in perfume. These they threw over our shoulders, while others came in bearing trays of the rich "meti" (native candy), which were placed before us. Our hostess had hers served on a separate tray. Her son came in and we all partook of the tempting dainties.

When we asked to be excused, saying we must return to our work, the son went out and soon returned with some large, beautiful leaves and thorns. He took the "meti" from our tray and wrapped it carefully in the large leaves, using the thorns in place of pins to secure it. There was over two pounds of the delicious sweets, and we knew not what he was intending to do

with them, but he took them and went out, bidding us "Good-morning."

When we reached home we found the sweets on our table. The matron said a servant brought it, saying it was for the "Miss Sahib America." When we entered the carriage, we asked the footman to drop the curtains, as we were wreathed almost too freely to go through the streets, unless slightly hidden from the peering gaze of the public eye. When we reached the Mission Bungalow, the young man who came down to the carriage remarked that we both would stand well for May queens.

We have been very minute in our description of getting into this home, that our readers may know in what the life of a Hindoo lady consists, and how impossible it would be for one of them to leave her home without her lord's permission.

The solemn hush of midnight has settled over the Mission and its inmates, and we will steal noiselessly from our couch and seek our study, where we have so often wrestled with the depression which settles over us and our work. We pace the bamboo-covered floor in agony of soul and prayer to God, for light and salvation to penetrate these darkened hearts and minds all about us. Our footfall gives back no sound. But hark! There comes a sound from without, as the voice of one who pleads for the life of another, in subdued

and solemn tones. We listen! No sound breaks the awful stillness of the night, except the dismal howl of some stray jackal, as he prowls about for some dead body.

We withdraw from the door and again enter into conversation with our God. But hark! Again those sounds are heard, nearer and more intense than before. Again we step to the open door,—and what a sight greets our eyes. We had told ourselves that the inmates of the place were all asleep, and we would not be disturbed in our midnight devotions; but here was one of our number out in the clear moonlight, with bared brow upturned to the dome of heaven, pacing back and forth with clasped hands as he pleads,—not for the physical life of some heart dear to him, but for the souls of these men and women all about us, and for the great work which he feels pressing upon him from every side.

We turn noiselessly away, and leave the good man alone with his God. After having slept for some time, we were suddenly awakened by what seemed to us a light footfall. We arose, and, hastily going through our bath-room, peered through the screen-door, to see if any one was on the veranda. We caught sight of a “coolie” (the lowest caste among the Hindoos) entering the room of our matron. As he came out, we saw that he held in his hand a silver cup. We made a

slight noise. The man stopped, turned about, and, setting the cup down, rushed down the veranda steps. We passed through the house to the room where he had been, reached outside, took the cup and carried it to our own room.

Just outside our door was a safe for keeping food in, made by tacking wire matting on a heavy wooden frame. To keep the white ants from entering this, we had the supporting posts stand in cups of water or oil. After a time we heard steps again. We knew the watchmen were asleep. We started for the door a second time. At this point our interpreter awoke and, in a low voice, asked what was the matter. The would-be thief overheard her, and outside we heard a terrible crash, and rushed out just in time to see him clear the veranda with one leap and disappear in the darkness. The watchmen were all awake by this time, but could see no one, and we went quietly back to our room, knowing that the man had received such a fright that he would not return again that night.

The light of morning revealed the cause of the crash. The man had been trying to get food from the locked safe, and, when he heard voices, he was in such haste to get away, that he ran against the safe and overturned the whole thing, which gave the "mahter" (sweeper) work for half a day. But it did not end here.



A few days after this, a man came slowly up the steps and asked to see the missionary. He then confessed to him that he was the person who had tried to rob us, but when he heard the noise the first time and left the cup, he hid for a little while, and when he returned and did not find the cup, he thought perhaps the Christian's God had taken it away, and he dared not go inside again, but thought he would take some food from the safe, and when that tipped over he thought their God was very angry with him, and would come and swallow him up if he did not confess. The missionary took this opportunity to teach him of the true God and His desires toward all mankind. The poor man felt very much humbled and went away, saying he would try to be a better man.

But some of these people must have "line upon line and precept upon precept," if one would truly benefit them. We had some very trying experiences with our servants. On one occasion we thought that the "beastie" (the man who sells the mission all the water used) was bringing us bad water from some water pool, instead of from a well, and hired a police to watch him. He learned that the man was bringing us water from a tank where the natives waded in the water every day. He was severely reprimanded, sent away, and another man taken in his place.

As a filter for our drinking water, we used four



earthen jars, three of which have small holes in the bottom, with a handful of sand and charcoal thrown in, and the water is supposed to be poured through a thin piece of cloth into the topmost jar, and, after having passed through the three, is pure for use.

After a time, we saw that the water, instead of being filtered, was poured directly into the bottom one. We could not have such work, so, calling the man, we told him what we had learned. He stoutly protested and said that he was innocent. At last, falling on his knees, and assuming a look of horror, meanwhile pointing to our pet cat that lay some distance away, said, "Miss Sahib, the cat emptied it in there."

We answered, "Very well; we will deal with the cat."

The next time we saw him coming we stationed ourselves where we could observe all his movements, but he knew nothing of our presence. When he reached the water-stand he gave a hurried glance about, and, not seeing anyone, began pouring the water from his goat-skin bucket. When he was about half-through, we emerged from our place of hiding and quietly asked the man what he was doing. He answered, with much surprise, that he was "washing the water-jar, Miss Sahib." We remarked that he used a large quantity of water, and could see by the look on his face that he was frightened.

We had no more trouble with the water for some time, but one must needs be "on the watch-tower," so to speak, every moment of the time.

The "dohba," or laundry-man, came after the soiled linen, which must be counted and looked over in his presence, to see just how many buttons are missing, and how many, if any, rents there are in each piece. Then tell him what part of the money his due will be withheld for missing buttons and unnecessary rents in the clothes when they come home from the laundry. Otherwise, a new garment would not stand more than one washing, as he takes the clothes to some stream of water, and selects a huge, flat stone. Then he beats the water with them for a while, and, going back to the bank, will beat them on the stones, pouring water over them when needed. Thus they work until the clothes are clean. Then they are dried and taken away to be ironed.

One morning our "dohba" brought the clothes home. Seeing a number of holes in a fine table-spread, we asked the man what that meant. He at once assumed a horrified air, and said, "Miss Sahib, the flies did it while I was sleeping."

A short time after this occurrence, a Eurasian gentleman, a friend of the Mission, called, with a request that we accompany his family on a pleasure trip of a few hundred miles to visit the palace of a native king,

represented to be the finest native city in all India. Feeling in much need of a change and rest, we accepted the kind invitation. The expense of the trip was to be met by our host, the king. A private railway coach was chartered, as we must needs travel all night. Carriages were to meet us at the station and drive us four miles, when the royal elephants would take us the remaining three miles, and thus we were to enter the palace grounds.

The day arrived all too soon, and, after going through with its accustomed duties, we hastened to our study to arrange the work for the coming two days, so as to make it as easy for our helpers as possible during our absence. We had just finished our task when our "ayah's" voice was heard just outside the door, "Missa Baba, carriage all waiting." We donned hat and gloves and were soon whirling through the noisy streets toward the railway station. The sun dropped like a ball of fire behind the western sky just as we left the carriage and entered the ladies' section of the rail coach.

Being very weary, we made arrangements at once for a night's rest. Half of our section was occupied with seats, and the other half contained berths separated by a heavy curtain. We had lain down and were sleeping heavily when the train which was to couple on our car came into the station. Then oc-

curred rather an amusing thing. The servant we took with us had never been in the cars before, and when the train backed down it hit our car, but failed to attach it, giving it a severe jogging, and we were awakened from a delightful dream by being suddenly snatched up by our ayah, who thrust our head out of a small window in the side of the car. She plead with us to save ourselves by getting out quickly, as the car was certainly being swallowed up by the earth or something else.

As soon as we could control our amazement and laughter at finding ourselves in such a strange plight, we told the poor woman how utterly impossible it would be for us to get out of the car through that tiny window, assuring her that there was no harm coming to us, and that our car would soon move on with the train. These women have been taught by their priests to believe everything bad of foreigners, and she, in her ignorance, believed it was some trap for her—that our God would protect us and she would be destroyed. God grant the time may soon come when the fetters of superstition and idolatry shall be cast off by this people, and they made free in the liberty wherewith Christ maketh all free.

We traveled all night, with nothing of note to disturb our slumbers, except now and then the angry growl of some stray tiger, as we passed through the

jungle, would be borne to us from afar. When we alighted from the car a novel scene greeted our eyes. There was no station-house, but instead an immense wooden platform, and at one end of this, two hundred bags of grain were piled so as to be nearly three feet high. The cook had taken advantage of these, and arranged our little breakfast on one end of this novel table. It was well he did, for, before we were through eating, the trees all about us seemed literally swarming with monkeys, and the vexatious creatures seemed determined to become masters of the situation. As it was, they made two or three raids on our table, and carried off most of the fruit laid out for our breakfast. Having secured it, they would scamper up the nearest tree, laughing and chattering with their fellows over their spoil in the most provoking way imaginable.

We endured this spoiling of our (not goods, but) breakfast with as much grace as possible, knowing we were in the province of a powerful king (our host) who looked upon our tormentors as sacred, and worshiped them as we worship the God of heaven and earth. Our breakfast was soon finished and we were whirled away in the carriages toward the palace on the hill, and in great haste we were to reach it, for who has not heard, both in history and in song, about this wonderful place, once the center of the Mogul power and cruelty?

When we had driven about four miles we saw in the distance, and above us, the object of our search, while nearer was a sight which would have greatly interested our readers. Two large elephants belonging to the Rhaja were standing in waiting, ready to take us up the hill, a distance of three miles. On their backs were cushioned seats large enough to carry four persons each—our party consisting of eight. The native driver rode in front with a foot on either side of the huge creature's neck, with an iron hook or rod in his hand. We left our carriages, and the elephants were commanded to kneel down. Then ladders were placed against them, and we were assisted to our seats on their backs.

When all was in readiness word was given them to rise, and we felt a rocking and swaying under us, and, in a moment, felt ourselves far up in the air, going fairly fast. The motion resembles that of a ship at sea when there is a slight swell on. On one side of our path the rocks were high above us, while on the other was a dizzy depth. The road wound around and up in a zig-zag manner. When half-way up we came to an extended plain, beautifully wooded, with a wide, clear stream running through the center. We crossed this on an iron bridge, just below which the water dashed over the rocks into the gorge, making a fall of some thirty feet, and far below we could trace its winding

path like shimmering silver, as the rays of the morning sun kissed its laughing, sparkling waters.

We halted at a mountain spring and asked for a "lota" of water to drink, as our cups were all at the station. An old Hindoo brought a large gourd and filled it with water and gave us a new cup to drink from, and when our party had all been refreshed, he threw the cup away, it being unclean after a Christian had touched it. The gourd he held in his own hand, taking great care not to let it touch the cup while pouring out the water. We paid him for the cup and went on our way.

On reaching the palace grounds we were admitted through heavy iron doors, guarded by native soldiers. The elephants again knelt and we dismounted, by the aid of our ladders, and ascended to the interior of the palace by broad marble steps. The first object which greeted us on entering was an image representing the goddess Kale, made of marble, overlaid with gold, two large diamonds for eyes, and over her was a large fan kept in motion by a man pulling a string which was attached to it. This was to keep the idol cool. Near by was a Hindoo at prayers.

We cannot tell all we saw in this place. There was one room, of which the walls and ceiling were like a mirror, overlaid with white scroll-work, so that, whichever way we looked, we could see ourselves multiplied



a thousand times. We spent an hour in this palace and about the grounds, then mounted our elephants and turned our faces toward the city, which we reached about noon. After lunch and a short sleep we started for the new palace, which is occupied by the Rhaja and his family.

We were not allowed to see the ladies' apartments, but visited the reception hall, which is, indeed, grand and beautiful. The room is seventy by one hundred feet, the ceilings supported by twenty marble pillars, with wondrous carvings of birds and flowers. There were sixteen chandeliers, the center one larger than the others, having hundreds of jets with glass reflectors, beside a number of side lamps. The floor was covered with plush carpeting. On three sides were galleries screened by beautiful tapestry.

Passing from here we entered the Rhaja's work-room. On the carpet was a very fine cloth of purple velvet, nearly covered with raised flowers and leaves, embroidered with gold made into thread. This was designed for the jubilee given in honor of Queen Victoria's fiftieth year's reign, which was held that year. The cloth was to cover an elephant which was to be sent her to ride, and was three by six yards.

From here we went up a winding stair and passed through rooms where many men were at work on precious stones. After watching them for awhile we passed

out into the palace grounds. At one side was a small, artificial lake, containing many alligators and turtles. We were entertained by hearing a man calling to them, and then seeing them all hasten in the direction of the call from all parts of the lake. We were informed afterward that the king kept those horrid creatures for the express purpose of destroying his wives and daughters when any one of them disobeyed or angered him in the least. They were taken at night and shoved off the wall into the lake for the alligators to devour.

In the gardens we saw flying foxes and flying squirrels, and a great variety of birds. We visited the ladies' bath-rooms. The baths were of marble, bordered by gold, set with precious stones, and the ceiling and walls were of marble, also set with precious stones. We next visited the royal billiard hall, which was something beyond compare in elegance and comfort. From the palace we drove to the royal gardens and menagerie, where we saw beautiful beasts and birds from all countries. The dangerous ones were placed in strong iron cages, while the others were in small inclosures.

We were very much interested in the royal tigers. Such magnificent beasts we had never before seen. They would put their noses between the bars and lick the hand of the keeper. After a time he did something which enraged them, and it was enough to make

one's blood chill to see them throw themselves against the bars of the cage, and to hear their horrid growls.

In the center of the garden was a beautiful fernery. As soon as we entered it we almost fancied ourselves in fairy-land. We then visited the museum, which was a fine marble building in Greek style. In it were natural curiosities from all lands. We found there specimens of all the implements of war used by the natives of India, and also specimens of the precious stones and of the different grains and fruits. Specimens of fine needle-work, and of the costumes of the different castes were also seen.

As our time was limited we were obliged to hasten through these wonderful galleries. Night was coming silently and swiftly over the earth when we entered the carriages and were driven to the house of a friend, where dinner was served us on the lawn, which was brilliantly lighted by Chinese lanterns. We remained in this house enjoying its beauty and comfort until midnight, when we took the train for home.

We learned two things while at the palace on the hill. One was that our host, the king, was afraid of snakes, which fear amounted almost to insanity. If he went out of the grounds on his horse he must needs wear hunter's boots, reaching nearly to his waist, even though he went only a short distance, and before he entered his carriage every part must be examined to be

sure there were no snakes hidden ; and the other thing we learned was that he was as much afraid of lightning as of snakes, and had glass on the inner soles of his sandals and under the seat of his carriage, thinking to be safe by this precaution.

There is a quaint saying which has often been quoted, "Always a calm before a storm." But we are not always prepared for the storms when they break over us. A June morning in the Orient is not very comfortable at the best, but when attended by those hot winds, which make one feel as though near a heated furnace-mouth, it is almost unendurable. Every breath of air you get, no matter where you hide yourself, has that same awful heat. Such a morning came to us once upon a time. In the very air we saw and felt forebodings of evil, and this same feeling seemed to enter into our servants. They went about their accustomed duties with a more noiseless tread than usual, and a hush seemed to fall over all the house and its inmates.

By and by there was borne in upon our ears terrible groans and shrieks and cries for help. A strong, hot wind was blowing from the south. Soon we detected another sound, more awful, more terrible, than that of human voices, like the surging and roaring of many waters, near at hand. We stepped out on the veranda, and there stood all of our servants with a look of terror on their faces, and a great fear seemed to fill them.

We questioned in a steady voice what the matter was. We asked more to reassure them, and let them know we cared for their welfare, than anything else, for too well we knew what that hurrying of feet and shouting of orders meant.

They all answered in one breath, "Missa Baba, very great fire just there," pointing north of our Mission Bungalow. We gave them permission to go and try to crush out the terrible monster, who was sweeping on so madly, and leaving such destruction in his path.

There was at this time a young Eurasian lady at the Mission with her mother. She was of that fearless nature which, in her case, amounted almost to recklessness. She ordered her horse in great haste, saying she was going to ride down to the scene of destruction, and see what she could do to relieve the sufferings of the women and children. We tried to reason with her, knowing how fire always frightens a horse, but all we could say would not avail. She said her horse would go wherever she bade him, if her hand held the rein. We felt we could say no more, and soon she was galloping over the compounds that lay between our building and the fire; faster and faster flew her horse's hoofs till he scarcely seemed to touch the ground, but his rider sat firmly in her saddle.

As he neared the fire, he stopped as suddenly as though he were shot. His rider had expected this,

and was prepared. He threw his head high in the air, and, with a tremendous snort, plunged forward and was soon hidden from our view by the smoke and dust. After a few minutes, which seemed hours to us, he appeared with his precious burden, coming toward the house. As they came nearer, we saw the girl's face wore a look of mingled sadness and perplexity, in place of the usual careless, happy one. Without dismounting, she called us to go back with her, as there was such a pitiable scene she had just left, and she thought we might be able to give some relief. Without waiting for many words, we took a roll of bandages and a bottle of oil, and hastened down to render such assistance as we might to the wounded and dying.

There were between one and two hundred homes in the path of those greedy flames, and, in less time than it takes to write this, they were ruined heaps of burning embers. Their fire-extinguishers were not first-class, and then, too, it being near the close of the heated term, there was but little water for these brave men to use in fighting this hungry foe. There was a large tank nearly half full of water in the mission yard, but, it being difficult of access, was a great hindrance. Some hundred men would run up and fill large buckets, and others would carry them.

Our cook made two large buckets of tea, under the

direction of the Eurasian girl, and carried down for all to drink who cared to, after the fearful fight was over, for there was no time to drink while those great red arms were reaching out to clasp, in their deadly and destructive embrace, their wives and children and homes. The chief man (in America we would say mayor) of the city, came promptly to the relief of these poor people, and gave each family food or money to keep them till they could earn more. But we can never forget the terrible sights and sounds of that day and hour.

We followed the dear girl who had called us to go down to the relief of some of the sufferers, and, on our way, encountered sights which would move the strongest heart, and send a shudder through the stoutest frame, for the fire had broken out at the hour when the wives and mothers were away to market, getting food for the morning meal, and their little ones were having their morning nap.

Soon we saw our guide stop, and, hurrying on, found a young mother with her two children. One was already in the embrace of death, while the other was past human help. The mother would throw herself on the ground, beating her head and tearing her hair, all the while uttering heart-rending moans and cries. She would continue this for a time, and then sitting up, would tenderly lift the lifeless form of her baby



boy, and, pressing it to her heart, would murmur the loving words known only to a mother, and call for her babe to come back to her. She did not seem to notice the suffering one who still lived.

After making him as comfortable as we could, we turned our attention to the woman, but she would not listen to our words. After a time she took the babe, and, holding it out to us, said, in a voice which seemed awful in the intensity of its grief, "My baby has gone from me, Miss Sahib, and I do not know where. Only his body is with me." Then she broke out in wild lamentations.

We saw our comfortings would not avail, so we turned toward Him who comforted the sorrowing widow of Nain, and as we prayed peace came to the woman, and she took up the living child, and bade a neighbor follow her with the lifeless body of her babe, and we arose and went our way, pondering over the great compassionate love of God, who says, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father's notice."

As we poured on oil and bound up the wounds of these brave men, after they had finished the fight with the fire-fiend, our mind went back over a few weeks, when we had seen some men with a fire kindled, at which they were heating irons red-hot to burn the arms and back of a young widow, just because she would not work fast enough to suit the cruel brother of

her dead husband. We thought this a good time to administer a little personal lecture. The incident in regard to the burning came to us in this wise:

We were called upon one morning, together with our interpreter and one other helper, to take a journey to one of the outlying villages, to tell the glad news of redeeming love. We were detained on the route by an accident to our cart, and it was then necessary for camels to be secured to complete the remainder of the journey. As we were very weary with the toil and heat of the previous night, we went to sleep in the Travelers' Rest house, while our interpreter and friend did a little work among the native women who had gathered on the veranda. We slept long and well, and at last were awakened by a woman's voice in the building, in great distress; while outside we heard men in earnest conversation with our friend. We went outside to learn, if possible, what the trouble was.

The woman proved to be a girl widow, of, perhaps, thirteen years, and there were already scars on her arms where she had been burned to the bone, and her feet and legs were bleeding where they had whipped her. We soon saw the cause of her present terror. A little distance away was a crowd of men and women—all of one family. There they had the fire and irons, but, when they were about to apply them, the child, by some means, escaped from her tormentors

and rushed into the building where we were, and our friend was trying to argue with the men sent to bring her back.

When we came out she followed, pleading us to save her from their cruelty. We went out to where her tormentors were gathered, and plead long and earnestly in her behalf. After a time our cartman came and said the camels were ready and could wait no longer, and we would better leave them to settle the matter; but before we left the place they promised our friend that they would punish the woman no more, if she would go home with them and do her work as she should, and not play all the time when she was sent to bring wood and water.

The full moon was just showing its golden rim as we mounted our camels and rode away. After ascending the hill a mile or so we turned about and halted our camels to view the beautiful scenery which we had just left in the valley below. There were some fifty or more fine Arabian horses tethered, with here and there a camel, while round them, grouped in a circle, were the white tents of the Bedouins, glistening in the warm light of the Orient moonbeams, making a picture of rare loveliness which, when once seen, can never be forgotten, but, like the kaleidoscope, is ever bringing before the mind's eye some new and beautiful change, filling our souls with visions of that land where there

is no sin nor suffering. But even while we looked on this there was borne to our ears, on the breath of evening, the wail of anguish as some cruel master beat his inoffensive slaves. We murmured, "God has made everything beautiful, but man has marred His works."

All this passed through our mind as we bound up the wounds of these poor men, and we asked, "Don't you think it cruel to burn your poor little girls in the way you do?" He uttered a word of dissatisfaction, and said, "Miss Sahib, we must do something to keep our women in subjection, else we would not know how to manage them."

These women are rather wilful, taking into consideration the fact that they are mere children. To illustrate. Our "mather" (sweeper) bought a wife while in our employ. She was a girl of perhaps fourteen years of age, with large, beautiful brown eyes, which at times looked like liquid mirrors of the soul. Her complexion was a rich olive, with a roguish dimple in cheek and lip, which were tinged with the red of a full-ripe cherry.

We loved the child from the first moment we saw the sweet smile on that careless face, and the feeling was mutual, for she never seemed to tire of caring for our wants, and when there was nothing left that she could do, she would sit down outside the door, where

her eyes could rest on our face, and there remain till called to her work; and many times when called she would remain silent until we reminded her of the call. Then a mischievous smile would illuminate her face, as she made answer: "Yes, Miss Sahib, I heard them, but did not want to leave you."

Our building was rather high, and we occupied the second story. A veranda surrounded the entire building, the railing of which was not very strong, especially facing our room, while underneath were stones all about. After a time the girl got a habit of coming and leaning back against this railing. Our ayah warned her several times of her danger, should the rail give way, but she would only laugh and say that she was not afraid. Finally the ayah told her husband, and he tried to persuade her to stay away, but she would not.

At last we thought, to save her pain, we would speak to her. We told her how badly it would hurt her to fall on those stones, and what a naughty girl she was not to mind the ayah. Again the old light laugh, and the words, "Miss Sahib, I won't fall." We said no more to the child, but a little later, just after dinner one day, we heard a scream, followed by a moan. Almost at the same instant came the ayah's voice calling us to come at once. We hastened down, and there lay the sweeper's wife in a senseless heap on the

stones, with blood oozing from nose, ears and mouth. We called for water, and asked the ayah to raise the sufferer's head. This she refused to do, as it would break her caste to touch a sweeper's wife. We gave her to understand that we scorned her excuse as unworthy the name of woman, and at the same time took the girl's head in our lap, sending for bandages, in which we bound up the poor, bruised face.

But the hardest part of our work was yet to come. As we wished the child (we say child, for she was nothing more in years and understanding, if she *was* the wife of a man who had seen forty years) carried to their quarters on the other side of the mission building, we called her husband, and at sight of his wife in that condition there passed over his face a look of scorn and contempt. We bade him raise her head, as she seemed uncomfortable. This he refused to do, as it would be a menial task for a man to do anything for a woman. Then we gave him a short lecture on the duties of man toward woman,—what would be expected of him in our own land, and how the fathers and brothers there treat the women of their homes. After this he took her tenderly in his arms and laid her on the bamboo mat which had been prepared for the purpose.

These poor working people are very simple in their ways of living. We were invited one day to take dinner in one of these homes. Our host and hostess had

renounced idolatry and were worshipers of the true God. The house was made of adobe, two stories, one tiny room in each story, with stairs outside to get to the room above. The lower room served as cook and dining-room. Not many American ladies would think of cooking dinner on such a stove as was found in this home, and in many of these Indian homes. There being no floor in this room, the ground was swept clean and a snowy-white cloth spread down in the center. The dinner consisted of boiled rice, vegetable curry, dol, barley cakes and tea. As we sat down, Turk-fashion, on a mat which had been spread for us, we noticed four or five flat stones, laid in a circle so as to leave a space in the center, where a hole was scooped in the earth, and in this hollow was a charcoal fire. This, we were informed, was a Hindoo lady's cook-stove. Here our hostess had cooked the food before us, and baked the rich, crisp cakes, her moulding board being a flat stone, and her rolling-pin a stone ground off round. There were no knives or forks or spoons at this dinner. Near each place was a small folded towel and a finger-bowl containing water. Our hostess took a quantity of the rice and dol from the large bowl in the center of the table, also of the curry, and put it into our bowl with her fingers, but when we commenced to eat our rice and gravy with our fingers we made rather awkward work, we can assure you.



That dinner was one eaten under difficulties, but we were glad to know something of the home surroundings of these people.

After dinner, which was served at four o'clock, we were invited up-stairs. Here were mats grouped around on the floor in place of chairs. We were given a seat on one of these, and spent a little time giving instruction in the Bible, and the most profitable way of teaching it to the masses, after which we went out into other homes where they were waiting and watching for us, eager to hear reading from the "Christian's Book," as they have named our Bible.

In one home we found great distress. The husband and father lay breathing out his life under that dreadful scourge, consumption. He was in great distress of mind, and could get no relief from his idols. We tried to direct him to the only true source of joy and peace, but the siren of false worship had so entangled him that he did not seem to care to break her soul-destroying spell. We left his presence, feeling the force of the words in the Holy Writ, "He is joined to his idols. Let him alone."

As we entered the highway, our native helper and her husband met us, and they proposed that we take a stroll out to the bitter springs, over which was built a strong iron bridge. As this was the direct road for travelers across the great central Deccan, our friends

thought it might be interesting to us to rest a little on the bridge and study the people and their doings. There were many passers-by. We wish we could have photographed some of the groups. There were coolies carrying the picturesque loads on their heads, such as the rough, red pottery in the oddest forms, and, again, in the prettiest patterns that could be imagined. Others would have bunches of cocoa-nuts tied together by the fiber, and still others, a tray, heaped full of little images. Soon there came a group of travelers. An old, tottering woman, enveloped, all but one eye, in a red cloth or "sarri," carefully led by a little girl; another woman carrying a crying infant at her side; a man with a few brass drinking vessels hanging from a cloth over his back, and a betel-nut box, a roll of matting, probably his bedding, on his head, and a small boy hanging to his disengaged hand. They looked way-worn and tired, and went in single file. What was our surprise to see them hastily step aside, draw up in line close against the bridge, and bow in lowly obeisance, as a half-clad, fat, oily man, with a brick-dust hue of skin, a top-knot on his otherwise shaven head instead of the turban, and a palm-leaf umbrella in his hand, sauntered slowly by. We were informed that this man was a Bramin and the Hindoo law required these poor people to give him the road.

Long after the sun went down we sat there, think-

ing of man's injustice to his fellows. It did not grow dark. The evening star rode high, like a great orb sending a broad gleam of light across the little lake. Sirius, with his beautiful light, hung in wondrous brilliancy above us, and soon the full moon rose, like a ball of gold, and sent a flood of softened radiance over the exquisite scene. At length the sound of jackals prowling over the land was borne in upon the ear. Then we rose and hurried home, carrying many a picture and memory in our hearts which will not be easily erased.

When a child, we had heard a friend of our family speak of her travels in the East, and how timid she was with the monkeys. We thought her very cowardly, and said, "We would not be afraid of monkeys," but the time came when we were filled with fear because of them. It happened on this wise: A friend who was a physician called at the Mission and suggested a change for us. As we were thoroughly tired out with work and heat, she advised us to go to the mountains for a few days at least, and, as all our dear friends at the house thought with her, we decided to go on the following morning. Accordingly, we sent the servants on errands here and there, for we must needs have men to carry us and others to carry our beds and food and clothing, as there were no markets at the village

on this mountain, and we must carry our stores with us. Three others from the Mission decided to go.

It was a ride of five hours. We were taken in a carriage from the Mission to the foot of the mountain, starting in the early dawn, between three and four. The poor natives, for whom we were laboring, learned through some of the servants, the night before, that "Miss Sahib America" was ill and was going up the mountain in the morning, so that, early as it was when we started, we noted a large number of dusky forms gliding about the carriage as we emerged from the door of the Mission-house, and our ear caught the low murmur of voices as they inquired in subdued tones of the servants if we were very ill, and if we would return soon, and who would come and teach them while we were absent.

We could not help allowing a stray smile of triumph to flit over our face as we thought how the dear Lord had given into our hands the hearts of this people, but with that thought came that of the great and sacred trust and the account which we must give to Him of our doings, when we are called forth to render up our stewardship. The cry of our soul was, "Lord, teach us that we may be able to teach those to whom Thou hast sent us." These and other thoughts rushed over the soul as we descended the steps to the carriage in

the fog of that spring morning, leaning on the arm of our interpreter.

By the time we reached the mountain-pass where we were to leave the carriage, the morning had fully dawned, and the mist had, in a measure, rolled away. We were in the midst of a beautiful mango grove. At the further side stood a Hindoo temple, and the worshipers were passing along in single file. Some were travelers, we knew by the burdens they bore, also their dusty and worn appearance. Others were shopmen, come to pay their vows to their god while on their way to their shops, perhaps with some gift to the god to insure its favor, in order that they might have large sales during the day.

The heathen religion seems to be one of selfishness. They are always asking for some personal favor. A short time ago, word came to us that a father had yielded up his son,—a lad of fifteen summers,—to be sacrificed to the God of Famine, in order that her wrath might be appeased. They had intended two victims, but the other boy learned their purpose and hid himself.

We heard a rustling in the trees over our heads, and, looking up, saw that the grove was rather thickly populated with the sacred monkeys, who showed their dislike to us by throwing twigs down at us. Soon our men came with uncovered palanquins, on which we

were to be carried up the mountain. As we looked at them, we thought that we would prefer to walk, but the jolly fellows laughingly bade us take our places, which we did, but not without protest.

Soon all was ready, and our carriage was raised to the shoulders of the faithful coolies, and the ascent began. Our men were to go ahead of the others. Then, if anything occurred, our friends would soon come up with us. As we did not understand the language of these mountaineers, and with no interpreter, we hardly knew how we were to get along. When we had gone some two miles, we looked back and saw the other members of our party far below us, wending their way along. We being a light-weight, our men could hasten with us without weariness. At this point we wanted to have the carriage lowered to the ground, and to wait till the others came up, whereupon a rather amusing incident occurred.

As before remarked, we did not understand the men's language, but we ventured to tell them to stop, and used the word "gelda," when they at once started on a trot. We repeated the word with much earnestness. Then they increased their speed, till the poor fellows were actually running up the hill, and we, as may be imagined, were nearly wild with fear. At length we bethought ourselves, and concluded we had used the wrong word, so, getting the attention of one

of the men, we, by signs, gave him to understand that we wanted to rest.

When he informed the others they lowered us, and laughed heartily as they threw themselves on the ground a few feet from our carriage. One of them made us understand that, instead of using the word "gelda," which means "hurry," we should have said, "tiro," which means "wait." We made them promise they would not tell our friends, for we knew that, should they get hold of it, we would not hear the last of the joke for some time.

Of course, when our friends came up, they asked why we had been in such haste. We answered that we were in haste to study the language of the hill people. Our coolies laughed, but did not give us away. About noon we reached the top of the mountain, and the first view we caught of the plains below well repaid us for any inconvenience we had experienced in getting up.

Soon after reaching the place, we found that there was a cantonment of British soldiers near the rest-house. Many had their families with them. About noon a delegation from the officers in charge called to invite us to hold a religious service on the following evening, which was the Sabbath. We promised to consider the matter, and let them know our decision. We saw not a few objections in our way. We knew



there were ladies in the building who were prejudiced against having a woman take charge of, and carry on, a religious service. Indeed, they had said that they felt a woman was "out of her sphere," when she attempted any such thing. That stood like a wall before us.

Then, too, we were very much worn, and needed the rest which this place afforded; but as we prayed, and tried to be excused on these grounds, that company of hungry souls who, they told us, had not had the opportunity of attending a religious service for nearly three months, would come up before the mind's eye,—and many of them were far away from their dear ones.

The thought at last forced itself upon us, "What if these should suddenly be called into action, and some of their number be obliged to yield up their lives, and go unprepared into the presence of our King, because we had failed to do our duty, what excuse would we render Him for neglected opportunities?" And as this came sweeping over the soul, we forgot about the criticisms of our fellows,—we even forgot about our own weariness, and bade the men make ready the room for us, and we would do the best we could. The service was to be held in the gymnasium building. There being no floor in the building, they swept the ground

and laid mats about the place where the table stood to serve as a desk.

For a basis to our remarks we took a part of the third chapter of St. John's gospel, and a part of the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm. The women who had so stoutly denounced our taking the service were present, and we called on them to take charge of the singing. The blessed Holy Spirit seemed to fill all the place, and the singers wept as they led those fine, manly voices in the congregation. Many of the men were scarcely out of their teens, and we knew not how soon they might be called to face the cannon's mouth. We plead with and for them as one who must give an account to God, and He honored our earnestness in the conversion of three young Scotch soldiers. Soon after this they were baptized by the missionary from the plains.

On the following day they came with the request that we hold a temperance meeting in the evening. We did not dare refuse, but we felt we ought to care for our own strength. Accordingly, we asked for time to pray over it, in the meantime sending a runner down to the mission station asking for a speaker, and telling the need and the wish of the men. They returned word for us to go on with the preparations for the evening, and a helper would come up to us. We

accordingly went forward, asking God for wisdom for each step.

About fifteen minutes before the time appointed for the meeting, our missionary from the plains arrived, and with him the young man who usually led the singing. We were delighted when we saw them, thinking that we would be excused, but the missionary insisted on our delivering the address, but said that he would make a few brief remarks by way of opening the service. After the address they held a song service, at the close of which they asked for the pledge and the blue ribbon, both of which the missionary had brought with him. We had the pleasure of tying the blue ribbon on fifty of these soldiers.

When we were ready to leave the hall we looked at our watch and found it was eleven o'clock. Just as we were going out of the door the missionary came near and said that he would like us to go down to the Mission that night, as he must go another way, and our presence was needed there in the early morning,—that it would not take us as long to go down as it did to come up, and he had brought servants to assist us.

Accordingly, we went to the house and speedily arranged for our midnight trip. There were two women and a man to accompany us. After getting away from the lights of the cantonment we found that we had but one lantern, and the night was fearfully dark. There-

fore we positively refused to be carried, as we deemed it more safe to walk.

The path wound around the mountain. On one side was a dizzy depth, and on the other the frowning rocks towered far above us. When about half-way down we heard a peculiar "halloo," answered by many voices. We were troubled and turned to one of the servants to know what it all meant. He said it was monkeys on the rocky heights above us, and we had better hurry on or they would hurl stones down, which might strike us. He had scarcely finished speaking before we heard something strike in the path and bound far below in the ravine. Then it was that we were filled with fear because of monkeys, but God protected us, and we reached the plains in safety.

Surely the "dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." The "lords of creation," especially in India, are fearful tyrants, as the following will serve to illustrate:

One morning a friend with whom we had been at work drove into the compound, wishing us to go with her to the bazaar to visit a poor woman who lay dying. Her husband came home the night before from a religious festival, and asked her to go over to the other side of the city and get five rupees which a man was owing him, but the poor woman was too ill to go, as she had a young babe only three days old. The distance was

two miles. Because she could not he gave her a severe beating, then went out for a while. When he came in he demanded of her whether or not she was going. She still protested that she could not. However, she attempted it, and fainted just outside the door of their miserable home, whereupon he rushed out and thrust her through twice with his sword and left her there to die. She recovered consciousness and dragged herself to the door of a poor Eurasian woman, who made the case known to the police. The man, when he learned that he was to be brought to account, took his own life. We found the woman just passing into the Great Unknown.

At this time there was a young man, the only son of a wealthy native prince, from the northwestern part of India, at the Mission. As he had just become a Christian we thought a little stay here would strengthen him in his religious life. As we were talking over the sad incident with him, he related the following:

A wealthy native invited a large company of his friends, one afternoon, to his home to discuss some questions relating to their religion. His favorite wife was out in their summer bathing-house and did not know of the arrival of the guests, and so did not take the precaution to cover her face as she glided up the sheltered walk which led to the ladies' apartments. One of the gentlemen, contrary to custom, was strol-

ling in that part of the garden and came up near the walk just as the woman passed by, thus looking on the unrivaled beauty of her face. The woman uttered a scream and fell fainting at his feet, for never before, since her childhood, had any man except her husband seen her face unveiled. She was reputed to be the most beautiful woman in India at that time. The man did not report the occurrence to his host, but called one of the women servants and told her something was wrong in the woman's pavilion, but before the servant reached her, consciousness had returned, and she arose and staggered to her room, sending for her husband, who went to her. She told him, however, that he was not to look on her face till she had made a confession to him. She then told him what our readers already know. He seemed perplexed at first, and then said that, as far as he was concerned, he would forgive it. "But," said he, "we must remember Hindoo law. I will call a council and whatever they advise I must do." She begged him to let her go away, and she would never return to disgrace him. He refused her this boon, and called his friends together.

After a long, hot discussion, for the man who had caused this trouble was there, together with some of his personal friends, and they were all in favor of allowing the woman pardon, and even went so far as to offer a large sum of money for her ransom. He

also promised to take her to his own home, but it was all of no avail. Superstition and caste ruled, and the decree went forth that she must die. That night the "Light of the Harem," as the woman was called, went out in the midst of darkness and was never seen again.

The women are in perfect bondage. If their husbands go off on a journey, they must not see dancing, or hear music, or dress in their jewels, nor eat any pleasant food, nor even look at themselves in their mirrors, but must just sit and think of the absent ones, until they are caught sight of in the distance through the latticed screens on the house-tops, when they must hasten and dress and have the meal ready by the time the husband reaches his home. But, instead of sitting down and sharing the meal, the wife must stand behind her lord, swinging the fan while he eats, after which she can take what he has left and share it with her daughter, if she has a daughter. If not, she must eat her meal alone. If she wishes to be absolved from some sin, she washes his feet and drinks the water.

These men buy poor women of their own caste, pretending they are for wives, when, in reality, they are his slaves. They will go to some large grain dealer and take a contract to grind a large quantity of grain into flour. These women are then taken into the store-house and set to work grinding at the mills, which are made of two heavy, round stones, with



grooves in them. They are called the upper and the nether mill-stones. In the upper one is an iron rod stuck in for a handle. Two women take each a hand on this and turn, which process crushes the grain and reduces it to flour. This picture brings before us more vividly the words of our Lord, when He said, "There shall be two women grinding at the mill. The one shall be taken and the other left." Many times we have gone into these store-houses, and found as many as twenty women at work at the mills and a man sitting near with a long rod in his hand, so that he could beat them, should they, at any time, stop one of the mills. He, of course, would be a bad man, the most heartless that could be secured.

Then, too, these women are compelled to bring all the hay, and wood, and water which is used in the household. This means, in many instances, a long walk into the country and a hard day's work; then a return at night with a heavy load, after which they must prepare their evening meal. Many times, in our evening work, we would meet these dear women bearing on their heads their heavy burdens of wood or grass, as the case might be. We would feel like getting down from our carriage and sharing their burdens, but this we could not do, and as we would watch them bending under their burden, we would murmur the words of one of old, "The tender mercies of the

wicked are cruel." Many times in the dry season they would be obliged to go nearly two miles for water in the terrible heat of the tropical sun. This must be repeated a number of times during the day, for their lord and master must have his cool bath three times each day. But when do the women get their baths? Ask Him who has said, "The hairs of your head are all numbered," and who loves these dear Hindoo women as He loves you and me.

The Hindoo is very devout, as a little incident which came under our notice will, in part, illustrate. There were two young ladies who drove to the Mission twice a week for music lessons, the daughters of the native minister, who officiated in the Church of England. Quite often, when their lessons were ended, they would take us out for a drive in the cool of the evening through the public garden. Their coachman was a very careful, faithful servant, who had been in the employ of the family since the girls were mere babies, and he was as careful of them as their father would be. We enjoyed these drives very much, as the dear girls would enliven the way by pointing out some familiar object, and give us the native name for it, and then give a short discourse on it in the native tongue, thus teaching us not only the language, but the pronunciation as well, which is very essential.

One evening, while out, they asked if we would like

to visit a copper mine, a short distance from the city, where they had tunneled into the side of the mountain well-nigh two miles, and from this tunnel pits are dug from fifty to eighty feet in depth, from whence the ore is taken. We were delighted with the proposal and began at once to plan for the visit. We decided to go the following day, as it was Saturday, and we would have more leisure on this day than on any other in the week. When we reached home, we found our college boys waiting about the place, and they, of course, heard us making the final arrangements.

Next morning, some little time before our friends arrived, we noted the appearance of the leader in the class, a tall and dignified Hindoo lad of sixteen years. He went into the room of the missionary in charge and presently appeared at our door and asked if he would be granted the pleasure of accompanying us to the mine. We afterward learned that he went, according to the Hindoo custom, to ask permission of the missionary to accompany us, and he, true to his American rules of etiquette, told the young man that he must get permission of the lady, which permission we gladly gave, for we saw by this that already the seed we had sown was taking root in the fertile heart of this young man and bringing forth its fruit in his life.

In all our teaching, we had striven to make them understand the relation of man to woman, as her protector

and care-taker. He said the mine was a dangerous place, and he thought we ought not to go without some one to look after things. Soon the carriage with our friends arrived, and, after tucking our rubber coat and shoes, together with a woolen cap, into a corner under the seat, we were off for the mines. When we spoke of procuring torches as we went through the bazaar, the young man made answer that he had arranged for those things, thus giving us to understand that we were not to be troubled about anything.

We found the tunnel about eight feet high by ten wide. It was well we had provided ourselves with our rubber covering, for, when once inside, the drops of water came pattering down all about us. When we were about to enter, the young man said, "Miss Sahib, don't you pray to your God before you go in? I do to mine, because some evil might come to me while I was away in there, and I could not get help." We asked him if his god could not hear him if he prayed while in there. A surprised look passed over his handsome face as he answered, "Why, no. I have no god in there; have you?" We made answer that the Christian's God was the maker of all things, and filled all space, was present everywhere, ready to help all who fully trust in Him.

In looking down into the pits, where the miners were at work, the large torch appeared like the small-

est point of light. In going a mile into the mountain we passed fifteen of these pits. At this point the young man said the air was getting rather stifling, and we would better not try to go any further. In retracing our steps, our foot slipped in the loose stones when about half-way out, and not being able to find anything to stay us, we fell heavily forward. As we were near one of the pits at the time of our fall, the company all feared at first that we had gone down, but we came out with nothing more serious than a bruised hand, which struck against a sharp, jagged rock as we fell.

From the mine we went to a Mohammedan mosque, of which the young men had often told us. We found it to be full of architectural beauty. When we reached the arched gateway which led into the outer court of the temple, we were told that we must loose our shoes from off our feet, for the place whereon we were standing was holy in the eyes of every devout Mohammedan.

The building has no walls, but is simply a court within a court, supported by immense marble pillars, the height of the roof of each successive court becoming greater as we proceed. The center one we were not allowed to enter, but could look through the wondrous marble screen. The interior was lighted with pendant lamps, and in the center, reposing on a beau-

tiful block of marble, was the tomb of Mahomet, the great prophet.

Near the temple, in the same yard, is a fine dwelling-house for the attendants and priests,—also the dance girls belonging to the temple. We went into this building, and up through the circuitous stairway out on the roof, which is divided in the center by a screen. One-half is for the men, the other for the women. This overlooks a miniature lake, with cascades and sparkling fountains,—all artificial, of course,—but the rocks are so arranged that the water tumbles and foams over them into a deep ravine, out of sight, and a few rods away suddenly appears, looking as peaceful and refreshing as though it had never been disturbed. From here it loses itself in the lake.

The banks are always green and strewn with roses, as the spray from the fountain keeps the soil moist. The water, which so enlivens this place, is brought in pipes from Anasagar Lake, a distance of, perhaps, a mile. If all the money now used to decorate and make attractive the “place of the gods,” could be devoted to the interests of India’s oppressed ones, how much better it would be,—not only for the persons themselves, but for the country and nation.

As we stood gazing on the wondrous picture spread out before us in this temple garden, our mind turned to another picture, of which our readers will find a

description in the last chapter of the Revelation: "And there was a pure stream of water, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb . . . and in the midst of the garden was the tree of life, whose leaves were for the healing of the *nations*." We are so glad that that word is put in the plural. We were glad that spring morning, as we sat on the house-top, and were reminded of it by the scene all about us; glad that it was our blessed privilege to offer this life eternal to India as hers, belonging to her, through the right of testimony from Him who had purchased it by the shedding of His own precious blood; not only to England and America,—“chosen nations?”—no, no! but the Will simply reads, “for the healing of the *nations*,”—therefore we offer it to all the world,—the right to enter in and take of this “Tree of Life”—Christ Jesus—and live.

From the temple we went to one of the great manufacturing houses, where those wonderful native shawls which Europeans admire so much are finished up. They are hand-painted or stamped. We stood for some moments watching the painter, as he worked over a very pretty design, which he had nearly finished, and as we lingered, a Eurasian woman of great wealth came in to make some purchase, and overheard our remarks about the shawl, but no words passed between us in regard to it. However, in about two weeks a



parcel was handed us, which, on being opened, proved to be the shawl we had admired so much, accompanied by a dainty little note from the woman referred to, asking us to accept the shawl as a slight token of her friendly feeling toward us, and the great work to which we had put our hand.

From the bazaar we went to the park, as the young man wished to show us the fernery. We found this a truly wonderful place. The building is all lattice-work—fifty by one hundred feet and twenty feet high—over-run with vines whose delicate tendrils creep through all about us. In either corner was a fountain, sending up its sparkling crystal waters, which kept these beautiful vines green and flourishing. There were two marble walks running through the center, with three crosswalks.

The plots thus divided off are filled with rare plants and shrubs from all lands, carefully tended and kept. Nearest to the outside were the aquatic plants, with their wet leaves glistening in the rays of the sun, as they steal in through the vine-covered lattice. We questioned the young man in regard to these beauties and their origin, but he, true to his religion, said he would ask his god when he reached his home, and would let us know. As the sun was riding high in the heavens and the heat was getting great, we hastened

to the carriage and drove home, feeling well repaid for the time thus spent with our pupils.

The question has been asked, "How did you reach this land of the Ganges?" We could not traverse this waste of waters, nine thousand miles in extent, in one day, or one week; but we did traverse it in five weeks, but not by bullock-cart or balloon, but by that beautiful, majestic steamship, the *Furnesia*, of the "Anchor Line," as far as Scotland, and from Liverpool by the *Arabia*, of the same line. We steamed out of New York harbor Saturday, near noon.

There is something solemn, and yet touchingly rich, comes over the soul, as the voice of the captain is heard shouting the order, "Haul in the gang-way plank, and loose the cable!" Silently and swiftly the good ship leaves her moorings, and is soon far away from all human life, except those on board. Night soon settles over the wide, heaving sea, and we retire to our state-room, there to be sung to sleep by the waves, as we rest on the bosom of the mighty deep, and dream of home and the dear ones we have left behind.

About midnight our dream of peace was suddenly broken in upon by the shouting of orders and thumping of ropes and hurrying of feet! What did it all mean? Oh, nothing, only a storm of wind had overtaken the good ship. It was well for us that it came

on after and overtook us, rather than that we had met it face to face. The waves were mountains high, and the wind a furious gale. We were always timid in a storm, but this was something to make the stoutest heart tremble. We asked the young lady who shared the room with us if she were afraid. She answered in the affirmative.

We left our couch, and rolled, rather than walked, across the room to her berth, and knelt down, telling the Lord how fear had taken possession of us. As we prayed, a new confidence seemed born within us, and the voice of the Holy Spirit spoke these words to our soul: "I ride upon the wings of the wind, and underneath thee are My everlasting arms." In that moment all fear was taken away, and we have never since feared in any storm.

In the morning there were but few at table, for the storm continued in all its fury. After breakfast we threw our heavy Russian cloak about us, and went up to the hurricane deck to get a breath of fresh air. We were somewhat used to the sea, as we had taken several voyages. Our stomach was never disturbed by the motion of the ship, but our head was always ill, so that, at times, the mind would not be able to see things clearly, but would be filled with strange fancies which, to us, seemed real. Before our long sea voyage was over, an evil-minded woman took advantage of our condition,

and set afloat strange reports, which afterward were as thorns in the flesh. But He who called us to this far-away land, took great care that these poison-tipped arrows should not hinder us from accomplishing the mission for which He had prepared us.

The fourth day out from New York, the storm had abated so that the passengers could leave their state-rooms. We went out to breakfast, and soon the young lady who shared our room came in. About four minutes after, the room steward rushed in and said that everything on the floor of our room was afloat; the young lady had left the "port-hole," or (as landsmen would say) window open, and the waves dashed in."

We hurriedly repaired to the scene of disaster, and such a sight as greeted our eyes can better be imagined than described. Our evening wardrobe, together with a small open case of surgical instruments, and a case of medicines (for our friend was a physician), and numerous other articles, were floating about, with our little cabin trunks. The stewardess was trying to fish them out, while the chore-boy was dipping water with all his might, singing out, to console us, "Never mind, Missus, the things will dry after a while." We tossed a half-sovereign to the stewardess, and told her to look after the things, and we heard nothing more of the affair. The following day the things were returned in good order. So much for a little gold.

Nothing of particular interest occurred till the morning of our National thanksgiving arrived, when we saw something unusual was going on. The sea was still heavy, so we must needs look well to the ways of our feet, else we might suffer a fall, and the getting up again would not be an easy feat to accomplish. The drawing-room on the upper deck was selected for the occasion. Here tiny flags, both American and British, were floating from the walls, while larger ones were draped in graceful folds above our heads.

There was a very fine piano standing at one end of the room, and, at short distances, were couches, elegantly upholstered. Suspended from the ceiling in the middle of the room, were rare, beautiful plants, some in blossom, which shed exquisite perfume on the air. After dinner, which was served at six o'clock, the bell was rung for the people to gather for the exercises. The captain was chairman, and recited a selection from "The Light of Asia." A number of other selections were rendered by the passengers. The opening music was, "God Save the Queen." The exercises closed by singing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The following Sunday evening a minister of our party was asked to hold a religious service for the steerage passengers in their quarters. When the hour arrived a number of us started out. We went up and down tiny flights of steps, through dark passageways,

black as darkness could make them, lighted only by mere tapers, as it were, fastened against the wall. We passed through the engine-rooms and saw those great, ponderous pistons at their never-tiring work, and finally found the place of our search—the steerage saloon. Most of the women were too sick to sit up, but lay in their bunks with the doors open, so they could hear and see.

The minister read the Twenty-third Psalm and sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel. For the opening hymn we sang "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." There was a professional singer with us, and as her rich voice rose and fell we seemed to forget our surroundings, and fancy we heard the voices of angels. Some wept silently as we sang. Eternity alone will reveal the fruits of that evening's sowing. When the service closed we went up on deck to find our way back to our quarters, preferring the wind and storm outside to the darkness and the circuitous route inside.

The next day about noon we heard the glad cry of "Land ahead!" and hastened on deck to see what appeared to be a small leaden-colored cloud far ahead to the left. Some one standing near us said, "Oh, what a fib! 'tis nothing but a cloud." The captain, overhearing the remark, said, "You are wrong, sir. That is the headland of Bonnie Scotland." Soon we were gliding up the Firth of Clyde, as we were to land at Glasgow.

When the dinner-bell sounded at six in the evening there were seen here and there what seemed to be tiny taper lights, but in reality they were large harbor lights.

Soon after dinner we went on deck, and the scene that greeted us was wondrous in its beauty. The hill on which the city of Glasgow is built slopes down toward the River Clyde, and as far as the eye could see were innumerable lights. The night being very dark, with something of a fog, these glittering, glimmering, ever-changing lights from the dwellings in this great city were all that was visible, yet we knew there was our haven of rest for a little season, after our ride of three thousand miles on a wild, stormy sea.

Need our readers wonder that glad songs of praise filled our hearts as our good ship glided into port, and the faithful little boat was ready to receive and land us at the wharf, and a carriage in waiting took us to that magnificent hotel, the St. Enoch's. Should our readers ever visit Glasgow we advise them to put up at this house. It is claimed to be, at present, the finest building of its kind in Great Britain. It is three hundred and sixty feet in length, and one hundred and twenty in height.

At the entrance of this hotel is a spacious open porch, having its arches supported by columns of beautifully-polished granite. We were told that this house affords



ample accommodation for three hundred guests at once. Here we spent the night, and, after a fairly early breakfast, went out with a party of four to explore the wonders of this "city on a hill," with a population of six hundred thousand souls. It boasts of the finest paved streets in the world.

One of the historic treasures of Glasgow is St. Mongoe's Cathedral, built some time in the "Middle Ages." The bell bears the date of 1594. The building is three hundred and nineteen feet in length, and sixty-three in width. The windows are of stained glass, with beautiful scriptural designs. The one we admired most was the driving of Adam and Eve from Paradise. The soft light fell on it from above, making the picture one of rare loveliness.

We next went to St. George's Square, where we found a beautiful monument to Sir Walter Scott, one hundred feet in height. Near it was one to the memory of Sir John Moore. Our readers may recall the poem written on his burial, commencing, "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note." We remember it very well, as it was the first poem of any length which we committed to memory.

At the right of this monument was a bronze figure of James Watt, and various other figures, which for us had no particular interest, ornamented the place. As we had but two hours to spend in the city by day-

light, we could not visit many of its wonders, but hastened to the station and took the train for Edinburgh. The ride, in itself, was not a very enjoyable one, although the route, being new, was full of interest and profit for us.

The car was cold and crowded, so that we were decidedly uncomfortable. We had no heat except what came from two flat tin cans filled with hot water and placed on the bare, cold floor under our feet. When two of us had shared the warmth of one of these for a short time, we would shove it along for our neighbor's comfort, and they, in turn, would pass it to the next. \*

As we journeyed northward the cold was intensified. It is only a ride of perhaps two or three hours from Glasgow to Edinburgh. Here and there we caught sight of the historic "Copsewood Gray" as our train wound around the base of the highlands or hills, and as some bold frontage of rock would appear in all its abruptness, we seemed to stand by Sir Walter Scott, as he so correctly blends nature with art in his beautiful poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

After a great deal of grumbling and various shiftings about we entered the historic city of Edinburgh, and found it was truly styled a "strong city"—one not easy to storm or take. We were driven from the station to the Darling Hotel, on Prince street, where we

were made very comfortable, and where everything seemed so home-like, although in a foreign land. After our rooms had been assigned us we went out shopping—at least we women did, and found elegant shops and courteous clerks, mostly women and girls.

When we had finished our shopping it was six o'clock and time for dinner, after which we were informed that an evangelist was holding services in one of the mission halls belonging to the city, and only a short walk from our hotel. As our party seemed interested we went, our host acting as guide. The meeting, though short, was one of interest and great profit. The words selected for the base of his remarks were, "Come unto me . . . and be ye saved, saith your God." We were told that there were meetings held every day in this hall for the benefit of the day laborers.

During our three days' stay in this city we did not see an intoxicated person. We reached home just as the clock struck nine, and all were summoned by a gong to the library for prayers, which were conducted by a saintly-looking, white-haired old man, and father of our host. He read the chapter in Isaiah, "The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them," etc. After prayers we had tea served in our rooms. Thus ended our first day in a foreign land.

We ordered an early breakfast, so as to be ready for a long day of study and pleasure among the wonders

of this modern Athens, which is built on a little cluster of hills about a mile and a half south of the Firth of Forth. We were told that it owes its name to King Edwin of Northumbria, who, some twelve hundred years ago, built a fort on the rocky height in what is now the center of the city. Hence the name "Edinburgh."

The first work of the day was to take a walk up and down Prince street from the hotel. The morning was perfect—about such a one as we might expect in February, at home, although it was now the first of December. Some of the finest buildings and monuments in the city are facing this street, also the royal gardens. The monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, which stands in this garden or park, is the finest of its kind in the city, and is nearly two hundred feet high. The base forms an arched canopy, within which is a marble statue of Scott with his favorite hound crouching at his feet. The dog looks so life-like that one is almost tempted to reach out and stroke the beautiful creature.

By the time we had taken in a part of the beauties of this street, we were told that the public buildings were open and we could enter any we chose by paying the required fee. Our first visit was paid to the Antiquarian Museum on Prince street. Among other things, we found that instrument of torture and death

about which we had read so much, the "guillotine," and the headsman's axe, together with the block, stained with human blood. As we looked on these, we thought of the poet's words written on the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, when her favorite dog lapped her life-blood, running as follows:

Lapped by a dog! Go think of it in silence and alone,  
And weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne.

Here, too, were mummies, said to be the Pharaohs of Egypt, with their rude armor and implements of war. Indeed, almost everything of which we read in ancient history will be found in this building. From here we went to the National Art Gallery, where were wonderful works of art by the old masters, executed by both the brush and the chisel. When we had finished this building we were ready to go home and rest.

As soon as breakfast was over next morning we hurried toward the "Castle," that we might be in time to see the Highlanders, in their picturesque costumes, go through with the morning drill. They look like hardy soldiers, but, reared as they are in their cold mountain air, they could hardly stand the heat on the plains of India.

We entered the castle through a gateway over a drawbridge. The great, massive iron gate is drawn up by means of pulleys, and one feels a chill while passing under, caused by the thought, "Where would our life

be should the chain break and the gate drop?" Above this gateway is what is called the Old State Prison, where many noble men have given up their lives in defense of honor and truth. In this castle James Sixth of Scotland and First of England was born. Indeed, we stood in the room where this illustrious monarch drew his first breath. A stone tablet over the arch of the doorway has the initials "H. M." inwrought, together with the date 1566, the year of James' birth. Henry, his father, was a wicked coward, but we think Queen Mary, his mother, was a wise, strong woman, more sinned against than sinning. There was a heavy, old oak chair in the room, and we were told it was there at the time of his birth. It certainly looked old enough to have been in existence at the time of the Deluge.

We saw many wonderful, as well as beautiful, things in this building, among which were the "Crown Jewels," and the portrait of Queen Mary, painted by Sir John Gordon. The original, from which this was painted, was executed by an Italian when Mary was about sixteen years of age. The picture shows her to have been a woman of rare beauty. She was once overheard to make the remark, "I fear John Knox's prayers more than all the armies of England," which shows her to have been a woman who feared God but not man.

From the castle we went to the house where John Knox resided when this hapless woman reigned. We visited his study and were shown the window through which some enemy fired a bullet, intending to kill the staunch old reformer, but he had just retired into a little side room which was called his prayer closet, which we also entered. It is about two by four feet and contains a straight, high-backed oaken chair, on which, it is said, he always knelt when in there at prayer. In his study was an old oak table. We tried to lift one corner of it, but even this was too heavy for us. As we always prided ourself on the heavy weights we were able to raise with one hand, and failed to move this with both, our readers can judge something of the weight of this table. From this building we went to the church where he used to pour forth his "shot and shell" of oratory against the terrible sins which polluted the Scotch throne at that time. It was in this church that he had a stool hurled at his head by some woman in the audience when he was preaching. We were told that the church is now used as the Royal Chapel. We were allowed to sit in the chair where England's queen sits when she tarries in this place of worship. It was simply an oaken chair, covered with crimson velvet. From here we returned to the hotel.

After lunch and a little rest we started for Holyrood



Palace, a walk of, perhaps, twenty minutes from the hotel. The setting sun was throwing his softened light on spire and dome as we reached the Abbey which joins the palace. The warder was about to close the gate, but the sight of a shining gold-piece which we slipped into his hand gave us access. He locked the great iron gate and went as our guide over the place. We stood for a moment on the place where Lord Darnley and Mary stood when they were married. We stooped and picked up a few pebbles from under our feet, the only thing movable which they would allow travelers to take away with them. One of our party reached to pluck an ivy leaf from a plant that covered one side of the ruined wall of the Abbey, but was sternly ordered to desist before his purpose was carried out.

We next visited Queen Mary's room, where we found many things of interest, among which was a little oaken stand, on which stood the candlestick and snuffers which were used by her, also her iron bedstead and the bed on which she slept. This and the stand are both inclosed in an iron cage so no person can touch them. It was in this room that the unfortunate Rizzio was killed. We were shown the stains on the floor made by the pools of his blood as he was being dragged from the presence of Queen Mary. We were told that this room had never been used by anyone

since that day, as the Queen took refuge in the Castle and remained there till some time after the birth of James First of England, when she was imprisoned by haughty Elizabeth of England, and, after some years, was beheaded by order of this woman.

We also visited the room once occupied by King Charles the First, of England and Scotland. Here we were shown fine tapestry, beautiful portraits painted by the old masters, and the mirror which hung in this monarch's dressing-room. We were told that he was proud of his personal appearance, and would spend a great deal of time before this glass. But the shadows of evening were coming on and we were obliged to hasten through this building, so full of historic interest.

When we reached our hotel we found dinner waiting, after which we hurried off to our rooms to write to those in the dear home land, and also to jot down some facts in our note books, and get our satchels ready for an early start, as we were to leave for London next morning on an early train. Thus ended our visit to this city which is "set on a hill," and truly it sends light through all the land.

The ride to London is something like nine hours—in miles, three hundred and ninety-five. For the first two or three hours we were cold and uncomfortable, but after passing the Cheviot Hills we found it warmer and more agreeable. We were obliged to touch at Liver-

pool to look after a little business, which caused us some delay.

While waiting in the large shipping office of the "Anchor Line" we noticed the arrival of a gambling party, consisting of three women and one man. We noticed that they were eyeing us very closely, and at the same time carrying on a very animated discussion in an undertone. After some minutes the eldest of the women—we should judge her about thirty-five—came forward to where we were sitting, and said, "Pardon my seeming inquisitiveness, but you look so young to have such gray hair." (Our hair was nearly white, owing to a severe brain trouble at the age of eighteen.) "And," continued she, "My brother, yonder, is a physician, and would like very much to know if it whitened instantly or otherwise. I told him I almost knew it changed at once."

We looked at her a moment, and uttered the word "False," meaning, of course, her theory of the hair changing, but she thought we meant that the hair was false. It did not take the whole party two minutes to get out of the room. A friend who had heard the whole conversation told us that the man had wagered a large sum of money against the woman's diamond ring that our white hair was nothing but a wig, and the woman took the way she did to find out. Of course, we knew nothing about it, and had she told us the

whole truth in the matter she might have earned her wager. Perhaps she may see this and get it yet. But any one who will put up an article or money on a wager ought to lose.

Long before we reached London, the way was dark as night could make it, and our car was literally crammed, three persons occupying the space that one would monopolize in America, and then think herself crowded. By way of resting we would change seats with one another. We can assure our readers that we were heartily glad when the car door was flung open by the conductor, and he roared out "London! All out for London," and we did "out" in a hurry, and were soon whirling along in an omnibus for the hotel we had selected near Charing Cross. Our party ordered dinner at once, but we preferred a bath, and were told that it would be ready immediately. In the meantime a maid, fresh from the "Emerald Isle," went out of the office and in a short time returned, saying the bath was ready.

We followed her to the bath-room, and she pointed to a huge sheet-iron bath-tub lined with porcelain, about four feet deep, standing at one side of the room. The tub was full of water within about three inches of the top. We asked why she had filled it so full. She said, "Ah, Missus, sure, an' I was sayin' me prayers,

an' fergot, an' sure I wud pitch in an' dhrown mesilf if I thried to open the bottom, sure."

We dismissed her, and forthwith plunged to the bottom of this artificial lake and opened the drain-valve. When the water was so we could manage it we went on with our bath, but in three or four minutes there was a tap on the bath-room door. We asked what was wanted, and the maid's voice replied, "Sure, Missus, I thought I would come and see if ye had got dhrowned in the big tub." We laughed and told her that we could swim. We heard her go off, muttering, "Sure an' ye would have to swim to keep up in there; sure an' ye would."

The public halls and dining-room were elegant, and the tables were abundantly supplied in this hotel, but the sleeping-rooms were bare and uninviting. The doctor and myself shared one room, and she declared, in the middle of the night, that she would call the servants to build a fire, the room was so cold and damp, but she finally gave up the idea.

After a late breakfast we started out to see London. "And could you see London in four days?" you ask. Oh, well, yes. We could see three or four large houses and one or two smaller ones. That is all the average sight-seer takes in, and then he prides himself upon having "seen London," forgetting that this city covers something like one hundred and twenty-two square

miles, with a population of four million souls. Of these, one-half, as they go in and out of their palatial homes, have not the slightest thought how the other half exist.

Before reaching this great city we purposed, if possible, to learn something by actual observation as to how the day laborers lived. While others of our party were gossiping over their coffee and toast in the morning, we were off with a friend hunting up facts, and we found many, which we have not space here to relate. Our friend was familiar with the greater part of the city, as she was once engaged for some time in mission work here.

One morning we went into a cheap but respectable eating-house, where the women and girls who work in shops and factories procure their meals. We took a position where we could see and hear everything without being observed, and ordered coffee and bread and butter. While we were eating, something like one hundred and fifty of these persons came in and ordered a mug of hot tea and a black bread sandwich, which would cost them two-pence. The woman who had charge of the place told us that these persons took, for dinner, a mug of cold water and a black biscuit (this black bread and biscuit is made from rye and corn flour), and for supper a bowl of oatmeal porridge, seasoned with salt; and this is their diet, year in and

year out. Sometimes, for breakfast, they will take the bread without the meat, and thus save a penny. These are persons who have no homes, and pay three shillings a week for a bed, where there are, perhaps, a dozen of these sister workers sleeping in the same room. They cannot occupy the room till bed-time, and on Sundays they must spend their time anywhere they can.

Our readers can readily understand how it is that so many of these dear girls are led astray. We were told that sometimes a number of these would club together and hire a tiny room for a year, just for Sunday use, and the owner could have the use of it during the week, and thus they could afford to pay the rent. Wages are so low that these poor women can scarcely earn enough to get their food and clothes.

It does not take more than thirty minutes to travel by carriage from these palatial homes, surrounded by everything that pleases the eye and charms the beholder, to scenes of poverty and filth and blasphemous sins. As we looked on all of this, we asked, "Are there any who voluntarily leave the first, to minister to those of the second,—to go into places of pain and terror and sin?" We are glad to say that we learned that there are those who daily go on a mission from the west end of London to the east, and come back,



leaving behind them good work accomplished, which will tell, not only for time, but for eternity.

Saturday morning, at ten o'clock, we started, with others of our party, to see "The Tower," or London's celebrated "fortress,"—for such it really is, being composed of numerous towers and forts and grim buttresses and battered walls, covering an area, we are told, of about fifteen acres. We will name some of these towers, as they were named to us. The White Tower,—so named from its color. If it were named from the deeds done within its walls, it might well be styled the black tower. Lion's Tower is near this,—so named because of the leopards kept chained within. Then there was the Bloody Tower, so named from the deed of cruelty committed here by King Richard, in causing his little nephews to be murdered one night, while they were in the sweet embrace of sleep. We saw their resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

There is no important event in English history that is not in some way connected with the Tower. We felt like treading softly, and with bowed head, as we entered these walls, and remembered that earth's purest and noblest men and women had been here obliged to yield up their lives to the hate and caprice of some ruling power. Especially would we mention the gifted and beautiful Lady Jane Grey, also her

young husband, Lord Guilford. Both of these pure, noble persons, were sacrificed to the cruel hatred of Spanish Mary. This occurred in 1553. The last person beheaded on Tower Hill was Lord Lovatt, in April, 1747.

While in the Tower we visited the Armory. We saw there a representation of Queen Elizabeth standing by her war-horse, clad in her armor as she stood to address her assembled troops at Tilbury, in 1588. In one part of the room we passed down a broad aisle, which was faced on either side by figures of the kings and knights of ancient England, dressed in their burnished armor, both men and horses. Here, too, we saw the instruments of torture, the rack, and the thumb-screw, and the beheading-block and axe,—also the pillory.

In one part of the building, called Wakefield's Tower, is found under a glass case, surrounded by a double iron cage, the crown jewelry, or, in other words, the Royal Regalia of England. The crown of the present "Queen of the Britons" occupies the highest place in the case; we will not try to describe it, but simply say it is wonderful in its beauty and worth, containing over two thousand diamonds, besides a vast number of other precious stones. Lower in the case are four other crowns, the royal scepter, the coronation bracelet, the baptismal font for the royal household,

the wine fountain, the royal garter, the star of India, besides a large number of articles, the names of which we failed to catch from the lips of our guide. They are all estimated at over five million dollars.

The shadows of evening were beginning to gather over the great city, when we passed silently out by Traitor's Gate and over the draw-bridge and past the sentry, out into the swaying, hurrying, throbbing heart of this great city. We took a cab and hastened to our hotel for dinner at six o'clock.

Sabbath-day we spent in our room, trying to get needed rest. Others of our party went to St. Paul's, but did not enjoy the sermon. In the evening we all started at an early hour for the headquarters of the Salvation Army, as we learned that they were to hold a grand mass-meeting that evening. Despite the fact that we reached the building in very good time, we found it crowded, save a few seats near the front. It was what we would call a "wigwam," with seating capacity for two thousand people, and so arranged that the speaker's voice could be distinctly heard in any part of the building. Tickets were given us outside, and when we reached the door these were handed in and a gentleman took us to a vacant seat near the top, saying that he was sorry we were obliged to go so far up, but there was no other place. We were not sorry, for it gave us a better chance to hear and see. The

first hymn was "Throw Out the Life Line," and was rendered with so much pathos that many were in tears. Following this were several stirring hymns, the reading of the last twelve verses of the last chapter of Ephesians, also the last twelve of the last of the Revelation. The reader made us feel that we were standing in the presence of the Judge of all the earth.

Mrs. Booth was present and gave a short address on the Scripture "Behold, I come quickly." Her words are filled with the unction of the Holy One. When she had finished, the service of song was continued, but we were obliged to leave the building, as one of our party felt ill from the close air. We took seats on the outside of the omnibus, so that we might enjoy the beauty of the night. But we little knew what scenes we were to pass through before reaching our hotel. We had seen a great deal of the effects of evil, but that ride showed us darker pictures of sin and wretchedness than we had before seen. Many women were so intoxicated that they were obliged to lean against the buildings to keep from falling, and little children—mere babies—overcome with the same deadening stuff, crouching near to the wall, or tearing at the skirts of the drunken women with curse on their infant lips. The prayer rose from our heart, "How long, oh, Lord, how long" must our loved ones be crushed, soul and body, in the coils of this monster? Sleep was

taken away from our eyes that night because of this monster Alcohol, who steals so noiselessly to our windows and fixes his venomed glance on our noblest and best, and we are powerless to beat him back.

In the morning, after a late breakfast, we started for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, four miles south of Greenwich, on the London and Brighton railroad. This beautiful glass building, with its parks and gardens and fountains, its unique courts, its unrivaled statuary, music and picture galleries is the greatest sight in London and said to be the wonder of all Europe, and, indeed, one seems lost in its magnificence. The gardens, combined with the fountains, are said to be unequaled in the world. Its halls of mechanical skill, where the visitor finds all sorts of machinery turning off its work, from the ponderous engines, all burnished steel, down to the tiny turning-lathe, is a place of interest and great profit. In this hall one can purchase almost anything which a machine can turn out, from a thousand-dollar watch, down to a five-cent pocket-book, all finished up within these glass walls.

In the hall of statuary we saw the effigies of all the queens of Great Britain. The haughty Elizabeth and Scottish Mary, resting side by side; also, Bloody Mary and the beautiful Lady Jane Grey, resting on one marble pillow. As we looked on this we said, "Could

Lady Jane speak, she would not have it otherwise. Truly she was beautiful in life, and she is still beautiful in death."

We also noted the figure of St. John, the "Revelator." He stands holding a writing tablet in his left hand, and in his right a pen. His face is slightly turned upward, betokening a listening spirit, as though he were holding converse with the ascended Christ, and were writing down his words for us. There were many figures which filled us with wonder and awe, but we have not space to speak of them here. We might, however, note one other, that of Hagar in the wilderness. The unutterable anguish of the mother-heart, depicted on the face as she hides her child from her gaze that she might not witness what seemed to be his dying agony as he turns his parched and swollen lips to her in mute appeal for water. Had we not known that God performed a miracle and gave water to the fainting boy, we could not have endured to gaze for a moment on that wonderful work of art, so true to life had the artist been. We spent seven hours in this palace, and caught only a fleeting glimpse of the contents of each hall. Night was coming silently and swiftly over the earth when we took the train and hastened back to our station. We have not attempted to describe this palace for the simple reason that our pen, we knew, would fail to do it justice. As we

before remarked, it is the wonder of the world, and full of instruction to all who care to learn. Some object to going there, because it contains places of objectionable amusement, but these are in separate halls, guarded by police, none being allowed to enter without tickets.

The following morning we went to the Dorean Art Gallery, which is divided into two halls, on the second floor of a large building, erected by the friends of this artist after his death, for the special purpose of exhibiting his wonderful paintings. The building comes directly to the street, with two broad steps. You enter and ascend the stairs which takes you into a short, rather narrow passageway, the walls covered with unfinished sketches. From here you merge into the principal hall. At the right of you is one of the most magnificent paintings that was ever executed on canvas, "The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem." The grandeur and tenderness and awe one finds in this picture are seemingly born of God in the artist's mind.

A few steps further we enter another room and turn to the left. What wondrous beauty meets our gaze, "Christ Coming out of the Judgment Hall," wearing the purple robe and the crown of thorns. It is life-size, and looks so real, with the blood trickling down the smooth white forehead, we almost think to reach forth, pluck the hated thorns and grind them to pow-



der. Back of this noble form sits Pilate, and on either side the cruel mob are gathered, showing on their faces the arch-fiend, who rules them in this, their bloody work. We returned from this room to the principal hall, which, we should judge, was fifty feet square. Here we were surrounded by two hundred and thirty paintings, illustrating the Holy Scriptures.

We lingered long in this place, and almost felt that we were on holy ground. Doré clothes his work with such intense vitality, that the beholder loses sight of the ideal and seems to stand in the presence of the real. A softened light is shed on the paintings from the dome of the building, making a scene of unrivaled beauty.

From here we went to Westminster Abbey. None of our party could deny the fact that curiosity, rather than devotion, led us to that place. As we stood within its venerated walls, and gazed on its architectural beauties, on the many-tinted stones, with their flickering gleams of light and shadow, we could but faintly conceive the impressiveness of a coronation service in these halls. We had only an hour to give to this building, and all it contained, whereas a year would not be time enough to take them all in.

Should our readers visit this Abbey we should advise them to spend as much study as possible on the tomb of Henry VII. It is said that, in his will, he appointed

ten thousand masses to be said for the remission of his sins and the weal of his soul.

The following morning we took the cars and went out into the suburbs at the north of London to visit a missionary training school carried on by voluntary donations. At that time there were from seventy-five to one hundred pupils in attendance. The principal, a woman, requested that we should remain with them as long as we staid in London, and we were very grateful for her kind courtesy.

Thursday one of the students, a young Swedish girl, went with us to visit St. Paul's Cathedral, which covers an area of two thousand two hundred and ninety-two feet. The height of the cross from the foundation is said to be four hundred and four feet, and its weight three thousand three hundred and sixty pounds. The moment one enters this building one is struck with its lofty vaultings, and the noble concave with which it soars upward. The curiosities are the spiral staircase, which hangs without any visible support, the model room, which contains the original model of St. Paul's, and a model of St. Peter's at Rome; the whispering gallery, where, we are told, the slightest whisper at one end is heard as plainly at the other as if close to the ear. It is one hundred and fifty feet long, and the rapping on a door sounds like the discharge of artillery.

All of these the visitor can see, and can also mount the staircase and take a view from over the lofty gilt balustrade for something like eighteen pence. The dome is supported by eight immense pillars, each of which, we were told, is forty feet at the base. It would be impossible to describe the architectural beauties which surround one in this building. When we entered they were holding a religious service in one of the chapels, and we were obliged to wait until the close before we were allowed to go about, even in another part of the church.

As we stood outside gazing on this wonderful structure, there occurred a funny little incident which, though rude, had its lesson for us. It was getting near night, and we were thinking of soon turning our steps toward the school, when up came a little flower-girl, with tangled curls and bonnie blue eyes, holding out to us a bunch of leaves and flowers, with the words, "Tuppence for the flowers, Miss, only tuppence." At first we seemed not to hear her, but *she* meant we *should* hear her, and, accordingly, planted herself directly in our path, still crying out her wares and the price.

After a little the young lady at our side tried to remonstrate with her, but the child said, "I did not ask you to buy the flowers, so leave me alone." We then told her we did not care to spend money for flowers. "Well," said she, "I sell flowers to get my food,

and if you had rather pay money to see this house than buy my flowers, I can go without my dinner and my supper too, but I will give you the flowers." So saying, she threw them into our face, with a wicked little laugh, and started away. We called her back and paid for the flowers. She took the money and, scampering off, said, in an exultant tone, "I knew you would pay for the flowers, 'cause you are American."

In the evening a number of young ladies took us out to attend a cottage prayer-meeting, something like a mile from the college, led by an old English admiral. His silvery hair hung in curls over his shoulders.\* He gave us much good advice. News of his sudden death reached us at the port of Suez.

Friday morning was spent in writing letters to the dear ones at home, and getting things in order for a long sea voyage. The afternoon and evening was given to public meetings, as one of the young ladies from the college was going out to India with our party. Saturday morning, long before light, we were on our way to Liverpool, which place we reached near noon, looked after our baggage that had been shipped from Glasgow, then hastened to the dining-hall for lunch. After this we had a short time to look over the city, which is the second greatest shipping port in the world. About all we saw was masts and spars and docks, the latter literally jammed with produce and carts, and men whipping

their horses and turning them this way and that, each trying to get in ahead of his neighbor, creating a second Babel.

We were glad when we boarded the good ship *Arabia*, which was to take us to Bombay, and to again hear the order, "Haul in the anchor! Clear away there!"—this last to the faithful little tug-boat that had come out with a last message from some dear one, or, perhaps, some orders for our sturdy captain. In a few minutes the good ship headed off, and we were off on our six-thousand-mile trip. We sat and watched the headlands of old England till the darkness of night hid them from our view, and then turned to the interior of the floating house, which was to be our home for three weeks, entered our little state-room, seven by eight feet, and found that four persons were to occupy this tiny bed-room for three long weeks.

Each of us had a wee, narrow shelf-bed, hung against the wall. Behind the door, fastened into the wall, was a glass bottle, holding from three to four quarts of water. This must answer the whole company in making the morning toilet. There was a nice bath-house, where all could be refreshed with a sea-bath every morning, but not all of us could endure this before breakfast. The captain and officers were all very courteous and kind, as were also the servants.

We had been out but eighteen hours, when a terri-

ble wind struck us from the southwest. When a child, we had heard our elders say (when they had a hard thing to do), "I would rather cross the Bay of Biscay than do it," but we can assure our readers that we would rather *do* any hard thing than ever again cross this bay in such a sea as greeted us that December morning. All we could do was to lie in our berth and cling to the little iron rings in the wall, to keep from being thrown on the floor. Our room, instead of opening into the main hall opened into a little side hall.

Directly across from our door was the door leading into the china pantry, where the dishes were kept. Further on was the slide door leading out on deck. Every wave swept over this deck, and the captain had left orders that this door was not to be left open. After dinner, which was served in the evening, our door being open, we saw the table steward bring two tubs of dishes and set them near the door.

Soon the chief steward rushed in through the side door, leaving it open. In less than two minutes a large wave, like a thing of life, came rolling in, carrying everything before it, dashing the dishes against the other side of the main hall, with a crash that broke many of them to atoms, and flooding the whole place. When the ship turned on her other side the next moment, the water, broken dishes, and tubs, all went sailing to the other side of the hall, the wave

going out of the still open door, which, at this moment, some one hurriedly shut.

In the middle of the night, we were awakened by a cry of distress. We had opened our door for air. The sound came nearer. Soon a woman stood in our door, wringing her hands, and crying, "We are lost, we are lost! the ship has sprung a leak, and is filling with water. I know it is, for I can hear it, and the water is floating everything in my room." We bade her be quiet, and summoned the room steward, who found that the port-hole was defective, and that the water had entered her room through that, and the noise she heard was the water coming in contact with the hot pipes. After a time she became quiet, and went back to her room. It was rather laughable to those who saw and heard the woman, and yet we hardly cared to laugh, for we little knew but our good ship might sink in those cruel waves.

Poets have sung much of the beauties of the sea. Should some of them be called to go down into its depths, as we were on that memorable voyage, they could well sing of its terrors. Our good ship would stagger and plunge like some wild beast in chains, and again would creak and groan in great distress. This lasted for well-nigh five days, when it eased off, and, on the eighth day, we stood off the port of Gibraltar. In fair weather this passage is made in five days.



As we passed along, we noted on our right the bald headlands of Cape Spartel, with its white light-house, indicating the northwestern point of the great Dark Continent, also the Bay of Trafalgar, celebrated by Nelson's crowning victory. As our steamer was to take on coal at Gibraltar, which would take some nine hours, we decided to go on shore with others. The morning was perfect, and the Bay looked like a sea of glass. The city, nestling at the foot of this gigantic rock, with its palms and orange trees, and its Oriental shrubbery, makes a beautiful picture of peace. It has a population of eighteen thousand, besides the soldiery, which number five thousand.

The rock is fourteen hundred feet high. The fortifications are among the most formidable in the world. One can enter the rock near its base, and ascend to within a short distance of the top, without going outside, by means of a slightly inclined tunnel. Short distances apart are port-holes, two by four feet, with a cannon pointing out, and near by a store of ammunition. Near this were a dozen buckets of water. On the top of the rock floats a British flag, over a large observatory.

We were told that below sea level there was a large mine of powder laid and so arranged that it could be fired from the mainland; that in case there was danger of its falling into the hands of Britain's enemies she

could blow it to atoms. One taking a careful look from the sea at this gigantic rock, towering in all its seeming strength and beauty, would scarcely guess that it concealed such a mighty force within. We counted thirty pieces of artillery, and presume we did not see half, as we only went a short distance.

Coming down from the rock we went to the Royal Hotel for lunch. As a storm of rain was coming on, we were obliged to hasten to the ship. The bay had become so rough that it was with difficulty that we boarded the ship, she tipped about so. We finally accomplished it, but not before we were thoroughly drenched with the spray of the waves. In a little time the ship turned about and made her way through the straits into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. As we passed through, on our left was the frowning buttress of Gibraltar, while on our right rose the solid wall of rock called by seamen the "Stormy Petrel." The white waves of the Atlantic are continually dashing against this wall. We were told that just here the waves were never still.

For three days we sailed in sight of the African coast. When we neared Sicily the view was magnificent. We sailed so near that, with the unaided eye, we could see a beautiful minaret which a man erected in memory of his beautiful bride, who died ere the first sweet draught of love was fully quaffed. As we viewed

it through our field-glass the bright rays of the morning sun lit up its polished marble spire until it seemed a tapering block of fire. It stood on an extended grassy plain at the foot of what seemed to be a mountain of glistening white sand.

We passed a number of small, barren islands. No living thing was in sight, not even a bird or a spear of grass, nothing but leaden-colored rocks. We passed one said to be three thousand feet high. Malta, also, is in our course, where is found the world-renowned Maltese lace, also fine jewelry made from Madras coral. This island is noted for its fine fruit. We were told that Malta raises the finest grapes and figs in the world.

In four days from Malta we sighted Port Said, at the northern extremity of the Suez Canal. It has a population of six thousand, and is distant from Alexandria one hundred and forty miles. Steamers, we were told, left here twice a week for the Syrian coast—Saturdays and Mondays, and for Alexandria Fridays and Wednesdays. At this place we enter the Suez Canal, which is eighty-seven miles in length. We were about three days getting through, as we were obliged to tie up at night and remain until sunrise. Then, too, we were hindered by the dredging boats, and, at another place, one of our passengers got permission to go on shore, and did not return for some time. As we were

in a desert place we could not leave him there to perish, and so awaited his pleasure.

After proceeding about forty-four miles from Port Said we reached a little town called Ismalia, situated on the east side of the canal, south of Lake Timsha. It is desert on both sides, with the exception of this place, from which, being the headquarters of the administration of the canal, there is communication to the interior by rail and telegraph. Little Arab boys followed the steamer at some distance crying out for money. Some of the passengers threw fruit, and others money. In some instances the fruit rolled from the bank into the water, and the little fellows would laugh and dive in after it, chattering all the while to their mates, but taking great care not to venture beyond a certain distance marked by a white slab set up, having on it characters we did not understand.

We halted at the town of Suez a short time before entering the Gulf of Suez, which is one hundred and eighty miles long, with a width of eight miles, having table-lands on both sides said to be three thousand feet high. The Red Sea, of which this gulf is an arm, is one thousand miles long, and its greatest breadth is one hundred and fifty miles.

There are many sunken rocks in this sea, and many wrecks are strewn along its shores. The temperature is very high, especially south of what the sailors term

the "dead line," and travelers must be very careful about exposure to the sun's rays. A part of the way we sailed near the shore, so that, with the aid of our glass, we could see Moses' Wells, called, in the Bible, Elim, where God bade his servant cast a branch into the bitter waters, that they might be made sweet, or healed,—beautiful type of Christ,—called in one place the "Branch" who should be broken for the healing of His people.

We saw, also, the range of mountains, of which Mt. Sinai forms a part. They raise their whitened peaks to the cloudless blue above. They are all something truly wonderful to behold. From the blue waters at their base, up, up, as far as the eye can penetrate, it looks as white as the spotless snow, but, in reality, is only sand.

Our next stop was Aden, at the southern extremity of the Red Sea, where our steamer took in coal. Passengers were not allowed to go ashore, as there was yellow fever in port. But this did not stop the divers from coming out in their little boats and pleading for money to be thrown into the sea, so that they might have it for diving to the bottom and bringing it up in their teeth.

These divers are little Arab boys, from ten to thirteen years of age. Their only clothing is the loin-cloth, reaching from the loins half-way down to the

knees, making them look like mammoth frogs when down in the water, which is so clear at this place that they can be seen at quite a depth. Our stop here was brief, and nightfall found us well on the Arabian Sea. Here that wonderful blue light that we hear sailors speak of followed in the wake of our steamer like a beautiful, trailing path of fire. We seemed never to tire of watching it, as we would sit at the vessel's side in the golden light of the Orient moonbeams, with the Southern Cross hanging above us.

And the flying fishes were another wonder. They would come up out of the water, and skim over it like a bird. During the night they would get on board the steamer, and, not being able to find their way back into the sea, would be caught by the sailors and prepared for the table. On the seventh day after leaving Aden, just at nightfall, we caught sight of the shores of dear India.

We have given our readers a hasty glance of our journey, and will now lay aside our pen and close the book.



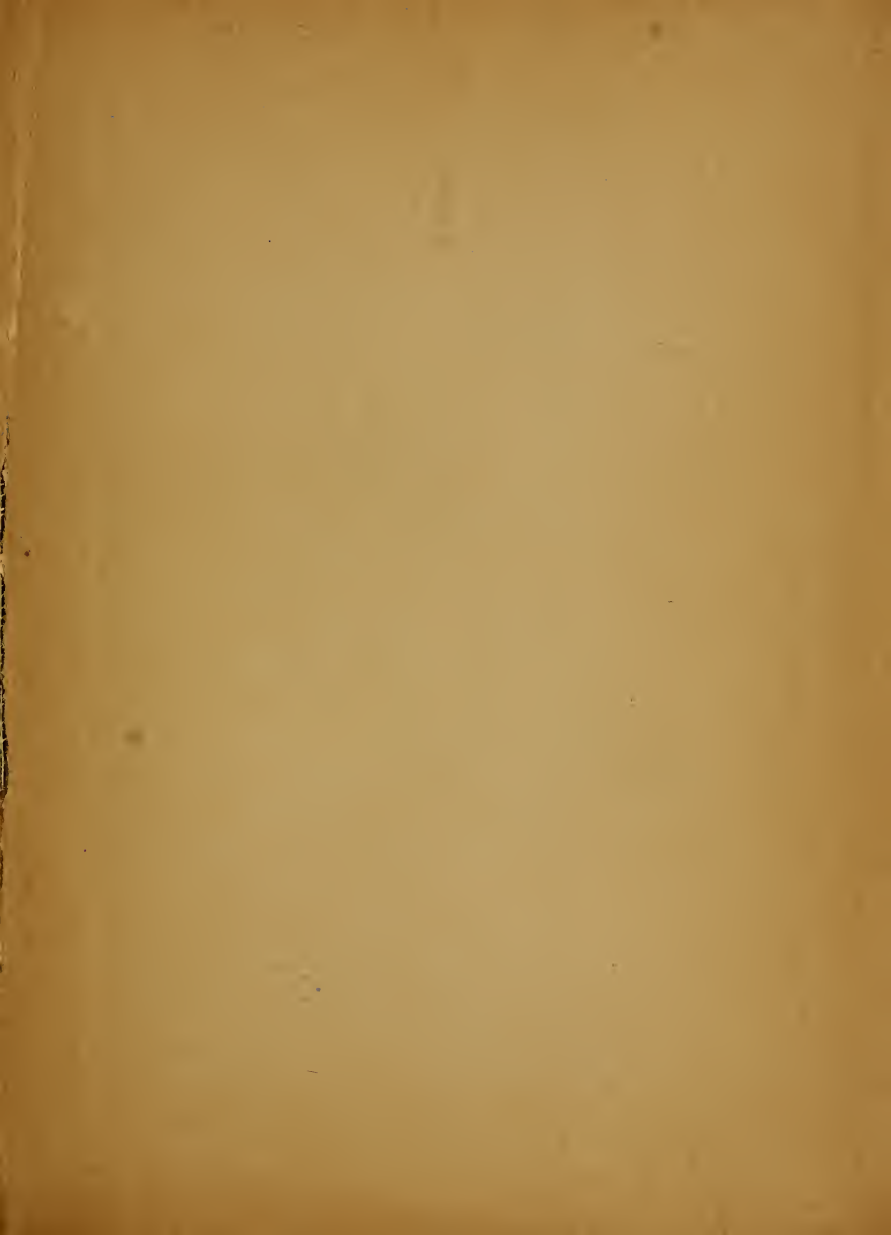












LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 029 903 659 5